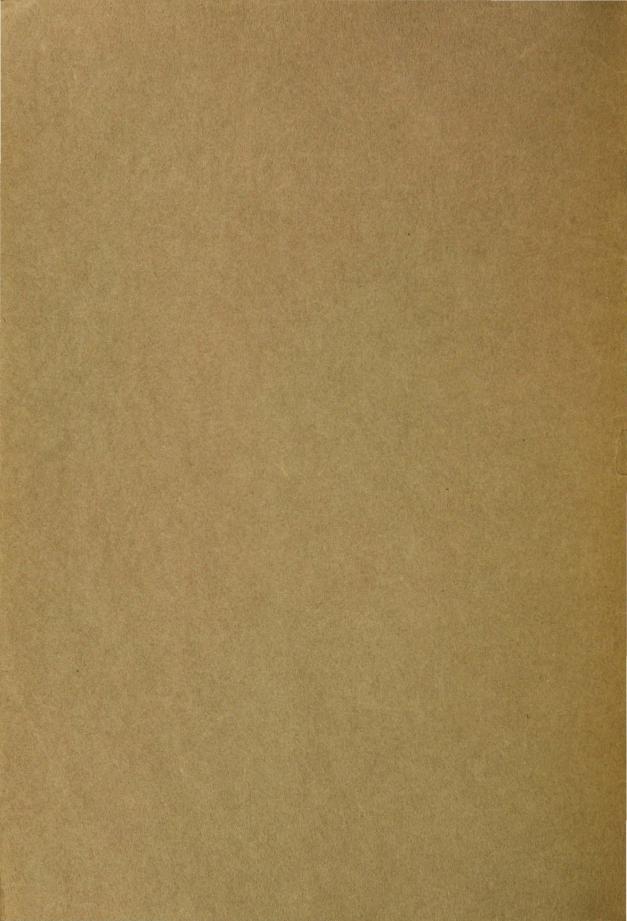
# The GIRTONIAN



alice Zuan Rood.

# THE GIRTONIAN

Volume VII No. 1

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Edited by the	Junior Class	of Girton	School
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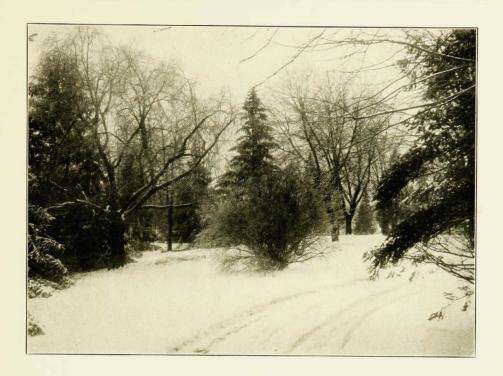
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THE GIRTONIAN



### CHRISTMAS EVE

In which the past is revealed with embellishments which befit the present occasion.

The great house stood silent and lonely on the hill and the tall pine trees surrounding it seemed trying to look in at the windows, sadly wondering if it could really be Christmas eve and still be dark and cold within. Suddenly a clock began to strike the hour of midnight; a murmur ran through the pines and several voices spoke hesitatingly. One voice rang out clear and strong as metal. It was that of a giant hemlock which stood near a window of the big house and tapped reflectingly on the pane, with its prickly branch-tips.

"This doesn't seem at all like Christmas Eve," said the voice musingly. "I have seen many before this, each one different to be sure, but all brightened by the Christmas spirit, and now this house is deserted. No lights, no laughter, no music, no—"

"I wish you would tell me about the Christmases you have seen," interrupted a little pine tree. "This is the first I ever had and there is so little now—"

"There, there, you have lots of chance yet," said the hemlock cheerfully, and he softly caressed the little tree at his foot in a quite undignified fashion. "I

will gladly tell you the story of my Christmas eves, that you may enjoy them with me."

"I was just about your size when I saw my first Christmas," continued the hemlock. "Where that house stands, there was a cluster of queer huts surrounded by dark and thick forests. The night was cold and clear and a thousand stars twinkled in the heavens. In the center of the circle of tents, for they were the homes of the Indians, a huge fire shot a column of smoke to the sky and around it were dancing half-clothed red men.

"Suddenly a man walked into their midst. His hair was white as snow, yet he stood as straight as I myself, and his face seemed to radiate light. While the wondering braves gathered around him, he spoke in their tongue and told them a tale of a little child born on this same night many hundreds of years ago.

"The next Christmas, the wigwams of the Indians were gone and in their place stood the tiny cabin of the trapper. Through its single window a little light gleamed and I saw a group of sturdy children dancing around a baby evergreen tree, with a tin star at its summit. For several Christmas Eves this cabin remained and each year the forest was cleared a little more until, one day this house loomed up beside me. It was a blaze of light from top to bottom, for a young bride and her husband were giving a ball. That was the merriest Christmas of all! The old house rang with laughter and song; lovely ladies and gallant squires danced through the long hallways. The music beat in so merry a measure that I danced myself. That was a real Christmas Eve!

"The next year the bride was dead, the husband gone, the house still and dark, and since then it has always been dark and cheerless on this happiest day of the year. For many years crowds of gay-hearted girls have gathered in my shade and played about me, but as Christmas approaches they all leave the old house."

Ding—the clock was striking two—dong, and as the last stroke died away the pine trees murmured softly, "Memories."

# THE CAMPER'S SONG

T

Up at dawn with the world all new,
A dip in the foamy stream;
A bite to eat—on eager feet,
We're off with the sun's first gleam.

П

Back at dusk with weary tread
But a heart that is light and free,
A catch to show, a fire's warm glow,
And a balsam bed for me.





In which we introduce ourselves to the gentle reader.

### AMY BROWN

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns, As sweet as southern air could make her.

### ELIZABETH KULTCHAR (Vice-President)

Loves company, Is free of speech, Sings, plays and dances well.

### BLANCHE DAY (President)

To manage—it was her business, her duty; the thing she came into the world to do—and she did it.

### BEATRICE STARR

Oh the books she reads, and the life she leads! And still she does the kindest deeds.



### MARJORIE HAISH

Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat, And therefore, let's be merry.

### FLORENCE TYDEN

Yet was it ne'er my fate from thee to find A deed ungentle nor a word unkind.

### EMILY MATZ

This lass so neat, With smiles so sweet, Has won my right good will.

### CECIL RIGBY

She is so proper and pure, Full steadfast, stable, and demure, There is none such, you may be sure.



### HELEN SNYDER

A plague upon your languages German and Norse, Let me have the song of the kettle.

### ELLEN MONTGOMERY

Her voice is as sweet as the whippoorwill's, And the sunshine's in her hair.

### CLARA HOLLIS

As long as I can speak a word or wag a finger, I won't admit I'm crushed.

# RUTH DIXON (Secretary and Treasurer) What stature is she of?

What stature is she of?
Just as high as my heart.

### BESSIE BRUCKNER

She doeth little kindnesses Which most leave undone or despise.

### Ветту Ноут

If to her share some female errors fall, Look on her face and you'll forget them all.



### SIR JOYS DE VACATION

In which we tell of a well known state of mind in antique phrase.

Now it happened in the County of Cooke that there dwelt a knight in a lonely hut by Lake Michigan. He was yelept Sir Joys de Vacation, and was by nature a most frolicsome spirite. He loved a nimble galliard, and was most proficient in the art of psaltery. Besides these pleasant accomplishments, he derived a keen joy from sports of the field, and could follow the hounds and hare, or fly over the ice with a rare grace. Although unstudied in serious matters, Sir Joys read all manner of the latest tales and was, in short, a most witty and entertaining gentleman. But now, he lay on his bed and moaned, sore wounded by some fearsome ogres who dwelt in a gloomy castle in the midst of a forest of thick evergreens.

The ogres kept guard over eighty and one fair damsels, who were held in the sombre wood far from the sight of man. Day after day they spun webs of learning goaded always by the terrible twin brothers, Hard Study and Strict Discipline. If they escaped from these even for a moment, they fell into the clutches of other ogres, equally dreadful.

There was Current Events, a fearful fellow, dripping with gore, and of such hideous aspect that to gaze upon his countenance was enough wherewith to set a maiden trembling; and Spelling, a slippery imp of doubtful character, while most hated of them all was Saturday morning Study Hour, who stalked grimly about the dark cloisters looking always for a merry little sprite, Midnight Feast, who was beloved by all the damsels.

With the ogres dwelt a sad little ogress who suffered unremitting anguish among them, sick for want of her home. Her only solace was in the kind ministrations of a sly jester, Communicate in Study Hall.

Now while the maidens suffered in this gloomy castle, Sir Joys lay tossing on his narrow cot. For two long months, he suffered, then suddenly he got him up and donned his armor. He called for his trusty steed, and leaping into the saddle bade his squire follow, while he rode merrily toward the castle.

When he was yet afar off, one of the damsels as she sat languishing in the tower, spied the gleam of his silver helmet. With a glad cry she started up from her lonely reverie, and made known the joyful news to her fellow captives. Then there was great rejoicing in the castle. The gloomy chambers rang with song and laughter, and the ogres grew sore afraid. Hard Study became wan with anxiety, and the poor ogress increased her tears and moans.

Sir Joys on his snow white charger came galloping down the highway, a gallant figure, full knightly and exceedingly gay. He smote upon the gate with the butt of his lance, and the ogres within trembled mightily when they heard that blow.

"Ah," cried Hard Study, "But one more day! Give us one more day, and the webs will be finished."

And when Sir Joys heard this, he waxed wroth, and with a mighty stroke, tore the gate asunder.

"False monsters, get ye gone!" he cried in a clarion voice, as he smote to right and left with his trusty sword, and with last despairing efforts to rally, the ogres fled to hide their wrath in far away lands.

Then the maidens were set free from their gloomy prison and they set out for their distant homes, in golden chariots drawn by fiery dragons. And from all parts of the earth there arose shouts of merry-making.

### **DREAMS**

For ages man has feared and loved The flames wherein his dreams fulfilled Take shape and live and move.

The little lad beholds afar A gallant knight of famous deeds And longs to ride with him.

The youth sees wandering through their glow, The figure of his maiden fair With welcoming eyes and lips.

The old, bent man with toil-seared hands, Looks on the ashes leveled low, And dreams of death's calm sleep.

So, though the years bring change on change, 'Tis to the hearthfire of his dreams Man always turns his way.

### THE LUCKY BRIDEGROOM

Giving account of a strange catastrophe

Thomas Gray walked down the street from the home of his bride-to-be, where all was excitement in preparation for the wedding, which was to take place in a few hours. Thomas seemed to be treading upon the air as he wandered toward the sea shore, and he was so uplifted with radiant happiness that he felt the need of some outlet, so after stopping at his home for his favorite book of poetry, he resumed his course to the beach.

The tide was out and the rocks, which were submerged at high tide, now stood high and dry. Thomas looked at his watch. It was half past one and the wedding would not take place until five. He walked over the rocks to a great high one far out from shore, which was a favorite retreat of his, and noting that the tide would not be in for almost an hour, he climbed up to the top of the great rock and settling himself comfortably, plunged into the book of verse and was soon oblivious to all the world.

The sea was a wonderful deep sapphire blue; hundreds of snowy crests danced upon it, and a fresh salt breeze blew landward. Far out on the horizon, a white-winged yacht appeared, while over head the gulls screamed hoarsely. The tide slowly crept up the rock; higher and higher it rose, but Thomas Gray, still in the state of mental exaltation, was reading love sonnets, unconscious of anything save the fresh salt breeze and his beloved poetry.

The sun cast long shadows to the east, when Thomas at length awoke, with a start, from his reverie. With blank dismay he perceived the watery waste between himself and the shore. He looked at his watch. It was a quarter to five! Even now the wedding guests must be assembling at the church and in fifteen minutes the ceremony was to take place. He knew the unrelenting exactness of the bride's mother; everyone would be there on the dot except—the bridegroom. In desperate agony he saw the bride enter the church; he heard the minister's voice; he imagined the sudden pause when it was discovered that the bridegroom was missing; then with frenzied screams and gestures he tried to attract some one's attention. The hoarse cry of the gulls circling above him was the only answer. Thomas shuddered and, in his vivid imagination, he pictured the fishermen finding his dead body next morning, and he wept at the thought of his fiancee. Then, suddenly another thought rushed upon him like an icy blast. They would think when they found him that he had made away with himself to escape the wedding! Terrible!

He tried to compose himself and to think quietly. There was no way to reach the shore, he told himself, for he could not swim a stroke, and there was no one in sight on the beach. In calm despair, more harrowing than the first wild frenzy, Thomas wrote a note to his fiancee explaining the situation, and bidding her farewell. Putting this carefully in his pocket, he lay down on the rock, folded his hands on his breast and waited death with the patient, cheerful air of a martyr.

It seemed to Thomas that he lay there for hours, but in reality it was not more than five minutes before he heard the creak of some oars, and jumping up, saw an old fisherman just bringing in his day's catch. A few words sufficed to explain the situation and inside of a few seconds Thomas was sitting among the fish in the little dory, almost overcome by this sudden release from death. But when he looked at his watch and saw that it was ten minutes past five, he wished himself back on the rock again. Better, he thought, be drowned than to face his bride at this late hour. Probably she would refuse to marry him after this. At this thought he was very near weeping again, but remembering the fisherman he refrained. Presently as they drew near the shore Thomas' companion tired of the silence, said:

"Wall, sir, I'm fearing we've missed that weddin'. I'd counted on gettin' a glimpse of the bride. She's a mighty purty gal. I don't know Mr. Gray, but I'm thinking he's a lucky feller."

Thomas said nothing; he gazed in black despair at the water, wondering if the fisherman would save him if he plunged in.

After what seemed hours, the boat touched the shore and with a word of thanks to his rescuer, Thomas ran through the town to the church not heeding the surprised looks that followed him. The town clock struck half-past five as he reached the church door and paused with palpitating heart. Within, he could see the people assembled evidently very impatient. As he started up the steps a team of horses came at a full gallop around the corner and, sitting beside her mother in the closed carriage, he saw his fiancee, pale and tearful, dressed in her bridal gown and veil. Flinging open the door the girl ran out to her lover and sobbed, "Oh, Tom, will you ever forgive me for being late? I tripped on my dress as I was coming down stairs and mother had to mend it. Oh, Tom!"

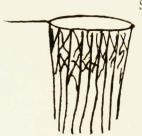
There was no more time for explanations; the bridemaids were ready and the strains of the wedding march sounded, much to the relief of the impatient guests.

"Wasn't it a beautiful wedding?" said the people afterwards. "The bride looked lovely and the groom seemed so happy. He's such a handsome young man, although it was strange for him to appear in such clothes!"

Later in the evening the happy young wife said to her husband, "Oh, Tom! you are so good and noble! I was so afraid you would be angry with me! Please, forgive me!" And Thomas breathed a sigh of content.

### BASKETBALL

A very short chapter in which the Juniors went a long way



### SENIORS—

Forwards

Margaret Burkett Mildred Good

Centers

REBECCA LATTNER HELEN BROWN

Guards

Julie Forrest Edith Weil

### JUNIORS-

Forwards

Blanche Day Marjorie Haish

Centers

Ellen Montgomery
Florence Tyden

Guards

CLARA HOLLIS
ELIZABETH KULTCHAR
EMILY MATZ

### **SOPHOMORES**

Forwards

ISHBEL MACLEISII GRACE JEFFRIS

Centers

MARION OSBORNE

Guards

Elsie Meyers Lucile Calisch

### FRESHMEN

Forwards

Mervyn Shenton Louise Thorne

Centers

Frances von Hofsten Margaret Bushong

Guards

PRISCILLA McIlvaine Emily Case

# Championship Games

### **PRELIMINARIES**

Juniors vs. Freshmen Seniors vs. Sophomores

First Games

		1	1131	Gumes		
Juniors			8	Freshmen	,	0
Seniors			6	Sophomores		4
		S	econo	d Game		
Juniors			I 2	Freshmen		2
			FIN	VALS		
	S	enic	ors v	rs. Juniors		
		F	irst	Game		

Juniors . . . 3 Seniors . . . 1

Second Game

Juniors . . . 4 Seniors . . . 2



### TENNIS TOURNAMENT

Being the fatal downfall of a time-honored custom from which there may be adduced some moral reflection.

Outside, the rain beats against the window pane; inside, I sit warm and comfortable in a big arm-chair and gaze absent-mindedly into the roaring wood fire. The tongues of flame shoot together in a confused mass of light which presently becomes clear and distinct, and before me I see a green tennis court surrounded by trees. It is lined with gay forms in white skirts and bright blazers and I seem to catch fragments of merry conversation and hear ripples of gay laughter.

The figures of central interest, however, are those four girls on the court. They are in the midst of a hot contest. Their racquets are busy and the ball flies back and forth. "Deuce," cries the scorer, after a clever play, and I watch the outcome with intense interest, conscious of a silver cup looming up in the distance.

Suddenly, as I watch, there is a loud bang and, with a start, I rub my eyes. The flames still roar up the chimney but the huge back-log has broken. I go to my desk and take out a little calendar. On it, underneath the present date is penciled, "Finals of Tennis Tournament." With a smile I watch the November wind hurl the rain against the glass, then returning to the fire I curl up in my cozy seat and reflect on the weakness of human nature.

### SONG OF THE BOARDERS

Packin', packin', packin', merrily,
'Ere's vacation come again—all we girls are free.
Oh leave the school behind us for we don't want it today.
When the engine is a puffin' that's a takin' us away.
We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome,
The cab is at the door
An' we must call, goodbye to all,
Till we come back once more.

### SIR CLARUS AND SIR BLANCO

In which a bloody contest is fought betwixt two well-known knights.



By permission of the Trustees of the British Museum

It befell in the year 1912 that there were many battailes royal in the land. King William was attacked by one who had once ruled over the people. This man had gone on a long crusade, and now wished to rule the people again, professing that King William was a foolish man. At the same time there arose in the country another claimant for the throne, a certain learned man who essaved to be ruler. Now the name of the former was Theodore, and the latter was velept Woodrow. While the heat of this conflict was great the people ranged themselves under the banners of their chiefs. And thereupon each knight waxed so jealous for the honor and renown of the leader to

whom he was in service bound that there were many little battles even in the outskirts of the land.

Of one of the fiercest of these I would fain tell you, waged by two valiant knights, Sir Clarus and Sir Blanco, who had one whiles been friends and brothers-in-arms, but were now turned into sternest enemies, for the former served the before-mentioned Woodrow and the latter the some-time King Theodore. Now so it happened that these two knights with many others were accustomed the third hour after dawn of each day to frequent a certain part of the keep of a castle called Girton. The overlord of that part of the castle keep was mild and tender-hearted and withal of such gentle courtesy that it did distress him much to see those erstwhile friends doing such violence to each other. Therefore one day in the bleak month of November he assembled his men-at-arms and said "Beshrew me, but there will be one last battle between Sir Blanco and Sir Clarus and thereafter there shall be peace in this castle."

Then the trumpet sounded and thither rode the two knights. The armour of the knight Sir Clarus was marvelous to behold. It's emblem was the famous fleur de lis. His coat of mail was wrought of many links, each link a French irregular verb; his helmet was welded in one piece brought at great expense from the land of Pronouns-in-France; his shield of bright steel was inlaid with participles from the North Country adjoining Paris; but his trustly lance was his mightiest weapon, to which this name had been given, Proficiency-in-French-Vocabulary.

Sir Blanco was of great prowess and worthiness. He also was right splendidly accounted. His coat of mail too was from France; his helmet and shield were

pricked out with many a quaint device of the fleur de lis; and he was in all ways as well armed as Sir Clarus save in this respect alone; to wit, he had only a short dirk and not the long lance of his enemy.

Therewith they came forward eagerly to do battle each on his gaily caparisoned charger. Trumpets sounded, banners fluttered and the welkin rang with cries from the assembled pages and keepers of the field of "Vive Theodore," "Abas le Baton Gros." Grimly then the combatants crashed together with a shock which made the very earth tremble. The din of clashing steel on mailed armour resounded afar, and no one could tell the issue of that tourney for the two knights were well matched rivals-at-arms. They smote each other with dolorous strokes until their breaths failed. The advantage at first seemed with Sir Blanco for he was nimbler than his adversary. Sir Clarus, at last perceiving this, depended wholly on his long lance, Proficiency-in-French-Vocabulary, and with it smote Sir Blano on the breast and rent in twain Blanco's curious emblem—teeth rampant on a field of red. Of little avail was Blanco's short dirk against that mighty lance. Nav-the-less he smote Sir Clarus in the midst of his shield, and carried off on the point of his dirk the tiger skin scarf which was the favor of the overlord of Sir Clarus. Then each leaped to earth. With a cry of rage, "Odd's bodykins but I'll have thee yet," Sir Blanco drew from its sheath a long sword velept Englishspeech. At sight of this flashing in the air, the gentle overlord raising his hand, bade his men part them, for he refused to see either do damage to the other. Then was there made much dole, but because the lord was beloved of all the people they must needs obey him.

This then was the issuance of that battle which might have had so bloody an end if these two knights had had their way. And this was the end of their fighting even as their overlord had spoken. It behooves us not in the place to speak of the result of the conflict between the leaders of these knights, the bruit of which still ringeth in your ears.

# "AS OTHERS SEE US"

The train had stopped for repairs, and we would be an hour late. "I would be forced to break the engagement," was my first thought, and many more unpleasant subjects rushed through my brain. But rather than worry, I decided to leave the train and get a breath of the warm June air.

As I stood on the top step and looked about me, it seemed as if we had left the city far behind. Up and down the track I saw nothing of interest; behind me stretched grassy fields, and in front of me was—well, one of the most beautiful sights I ever saw. As I wrote to a friend back home: "The old residence was placed far back from the road and on account of the many trees, scarcely more than the tower of the building was visible.

"The Japanese maples had beautiful young leaves which blended in color with the

apple blossoms in the orchard behind them. As I walked further down the track I could see that the structure of which I have spoken, was on a hill and on the incline behind it stood a small, low building surrounded by a verdant lawn. As I looked I saw the door open and a throng of noisy happy girls rush out into the sunlight and soon there was a flutter of white skirts among the apple trees. For several minutes I watched this, then at the faint tinkle of a bell they all disappeared into the building and I looked about me once more."

"A winding driveway, which led I suppose, to the steps of the old house, looked so inviting that I longed to walk along under the sweeping branches of the evergreens which lined it. At a turn in the road was a clump of lilacs of such hues as I never had dreamed and the orioles and scarlet tanagers like brilliant darts of fire, lend to the beauty of the scene. I have often wondered who built this lovely home at the edge of a small village; to this day I shall never forget that beautiful picture; but my one disappointment was that I could not enter the gates and visit the girl occupants."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you what I called the place, because it reminded me of a place a great deal like it in England and it is a name which I think very appropriate—Girton."

### A new aspect of a familiar picture

### PART I

The mild night breeze stole stealthily among the soughing fir trees. The moonbeams filtered through the young foliage upon the mossy carpet beneath where hundreds of wood sprites revelled in glee. 'Twas on the night when all the fairies were set free to roam through the forest and any mortal whose eyes were filled with fairy dust could hear them laugh and joke with the staid old trees as they danced about them gaily.

"Oh," sighed one stanch old fir to a little firling at his side, "it does my heart good to see them frolic. But I fear that they will not have the forest long. The birds have brought us woeful tidings from afar. They say some strange pale beings are coming and that they will fell the trees and build great nests. "Ah! and the old patriarch shivered with apprehension, "'twill be an evil day, my son, and one which I hope I shall never see."

"Good father," chirped the young firling, "shall I see these pale beings?"
"Aye," said the old tree in the solemn tone of a prophet, "thou and all thy
brethren shall watch them come, but I, ah, I shall be gone!" The great fir looked
longingly from the little knoll rising gently at his right to the mossy slope where
an army of gallant young firs were flirting with the fairies who danced about,
hiding now behind a cluster of violets or jumping into the cup of a trilium.

As they revelled joyously, the old tree smiled on them benignly, the moonbeams played over them, the stars seemed to twinkle mischievously down upon hem and the night breeze breathed secrets in their ears.



PART II.

Once again the moonbeams steal through the young leaves and the soft breeze of a June evening caresses them gently. The young firling, now a venerable tree, looks about him and chuckles softly to himself. On the knoll at his right is a big old fashioned house and on the smooth stretch of lawn under the old tree, hundreds of light figures flit about under gay Japanese lanterns which are strung from tree to tree. A group of fairies trip up from the little slope where other sprites had danced long ago in the old fir's youth, and gayly dressed ladies and bewigged gentlemen with clanking swords stroll through the dewy grass.

Gradually, one by one the guests disappear in the cars which line the drive; then the white gowned girls drift away, and soon nothing remains but the trees which overlook the scene of festivity.

The old fir stands silently pondering while the stars twinkle and the breeze sighs. Suddenly a small voice is heard at his feet. "What distressing things do happen nowadays! Imagine they thought they were acting like fairies."

The old tree smiles down at the little sprite in the grass. "Poor little fellow you're jealous! Do you remember what my old friend said long ago? How astonished he would be at the gay times we have nowadays!"

The Fairy sniffs scornfully, "Do you mean to say that you enjoy having these awkward mortals around?" With one last angry glance he spread his silver wings and flew through the night leaving the old tree to his chuckles.

### Recent Information from the Class of 1912

In which we catch shadows of the outside world

Helen Ball is a freshman at Grinnell College, Iowa.

Dorothy Bell is studying dramatic expression in the Curry School, Boston. Elizabeth Beckler is spending the second semester at Dana Hall in Wellesley, Massachusetts.

Marie Carns seems especially happy as a freshman at Madison University. Isabel Case is a freshman at Wellesley College.

Harriet Chapin is taking work in the University of Nebraska. She is also living at home, a long anticipated pleasure.

Jeanette Clark, so hearsay goes, is a freshman in the University of Montana. Julie Forrest is doing graduate work at Girton, especially Livy, in preparation for next year at Smith College.

Rhoda Hecht reports a most interesting year of musical work at the New England Conservatory, Boston.

Dorcas Hogue is a freshman at Vassar College.

Ruth Jeffries reports that she is taking the five regular freshman studies at Vassar.

Ruth Johannson is at home preparing for the immediate future by taking a domestic science course.

Beatrice King is working very hard at a domestic science school in Menom - nee, Michigan.

Amy Larrowe is living at home this year.

Grace Martin is also at home.

Laura Nichols is living in southern Illinois; just where, we have not heard. Louise Otis, as a freshman at Northwestern University, Evanston, is having so good a time that we are wondering whether or not she will go to Bryn Mawr next year.

Florence Rehtmeyer in Los Angeles, California, is working hard at her favorite subject, dramatic expression.

Emily Russell writes from Rome that she is glad to know at first hand know-ledge that Cicero really lived. She is at Miss Risser's school there for the year.

Marie Sammons is south getting well and strong.

Marian Smith is at the Art Institute, Chicago, studying designing.

Wilna Soverhill finds her time more than filled with giving violin lessons.

Virginia Sullivan is studying the Art of Expression with Miss Anna Morgan. Eloise Taylor is at Vassar, a freshman.

Abigail von Schlegell is living at home in Detroit.

IN MEMORIAM Ethel Walker

### Parliament of Fooles

Of which you are desired to read no more than you wish

Blanche Day, in Current Topics, was unexpectedly asked to tell of the recent events in China. She rose with an embarrassed air and asked, "Well, Miss Richardson, has anything happened since the last time?"

### CRUEL AND UNUSUAL

Ellen Montgomery (translating in Cicero): "Gaius Gracchus was cruelly murdered by his father, grandfather and all his ancestors."

### VOCAL GYMNASTICS

Amy Brown in GIRTONIAN meeting: "Glee Club would go under "Athletics, wouldn't it?"

Ruth Arnold (translating in German class): "I came into the village where my cousins, much spread about, still lived."

M. Strawbridge in Civics: "Yes, they have a right to dispel members."

### TO MUSIC

Helen Walker: The soldiers at Philadelphia 'piped' the guns."

### OL' WES' HALL

On wan cold day at Girton School
De furnace, she no go;
De janitor he heap on coal
But still de heat am low;
For de win she blow lak hurricane,
Bimebye she blow some more,
She blow right tru de building,
De girls, dey are col', "shore."

Miss Richardson she go downstairs
Into de cellar too,
She call down all de faculty
And Mr. Cooke also.
She say: "I tink it ees so col'
We mus' dismiss de school."
De faculty, he cries: "Oh, no!
It ees against de rule."

Dat noon wen school was over
'Bout haf-pas twelve—one—two,
De girls, Herr Cooke, de faculty,
Was froze all de way tru.



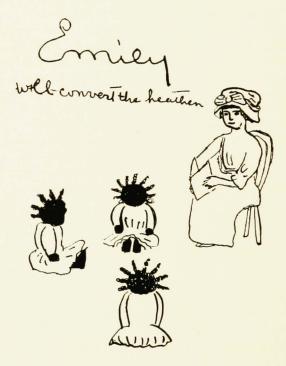
### MORAL

Now all you girls of Girton School
Tak warnin' by dat day,
You can't get froze in ol' Wes' Hall
So long you stay away.

### WEST HALL—NOW

I'm at Wes' Hall de oder day;
It's warm lak wan beeg fire;
De girls dey raise de windows up,
Bimebye dey raise dem higher.
De radiator am so hot,
I burn my fingers—me!
De win' she no blow tru dere now;
Of heat dere is plentee. (Apologies to Drummond)

Charlotte Fisher gave expression to a hitherto unsuspected strain of pessimism when she said in answer to the question "What was the greatest service rendered to the world by Justinian?" "He died."



A new version of a well-known story in which Margaret Clinch failed to see the point to a well known pun. "Pope Gregory seeing some Angle slaves in Rome asked, "Who are these lads?" and then said "Call them not Pagans but call them Angels."

### SHADES OF PLATO!

Miss Richardson: "Who was Socrates' greatest pupil?" Katharine Carle (promptly): "Pluto."

### GOOD NIGHT!

Lucile Calisch: "When Virginia woke up this morning she was still asleep."

### FUNEREAL REMARK

Blanche Day (in Cicero): "Well, when they kill people why don't they put them in the accusitive case?"

'Twas two weeks before Xmas, and all thro' the house Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse, When in thro' the windows and doors hung ajar Swept a blast from the north, from cold hills afar. That made us all shiver and shake in our beds, And wake in the morning with colds in our heads. First Ruth, and then Clara, Margaret and Grace Were laid low in Leicester with hot and flushed face, In Knollslea 'twas Edith, Marie and Maria That trooped to Miss Hawley for sweet panacea. Now from each door hangs a neat little sign Beaming dread warning in black penciled line, And from every group that shivers and chatters There rises a barking that rumbles and clatters. Let's drink not to this Grippe that clutches our marrow, But rather to the grip that we've packed for tomorrow.

Miss Richardson: "Who was the most famous hero of the Middle Ages?" C. Fisher: "Oh! I know, the Table Round."

Mr. Cooke (in Geometry after a long explanation): "Do you see that theorem now Miss Beatrice?"

Beo (politely) "I'm sure I'll see it later, Mr. Cooke."

Clara for once belies her spirit of true Democracy:

Miss Richardson (in Cicero): "Those who were not patricians in Rome belonged to what class?"

Clara Hollis (promptly): "Robbers and cut-throats."

### SHOCKING PERFORMANCE

Helen Walker: "The colonists had the right to redress Parliament."

### STRANGE MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE

Mildred Good: "The Turks have engaged the Greek fleet."

Marguerite Strawbridge: "A person dying without a will should be distributed over the territory."

### L'ENVOI

(With Apologies)

When the very last poem is written, and the articles all are in,
When the knocks have been ta'en from the knocks box,—Mon Dieu, the supply
was thin,—

We shall rest, and faith we shall need it—lie down for an aeon or two, Till the printer shall send us the proof sheets, and then we'll begin work anew.

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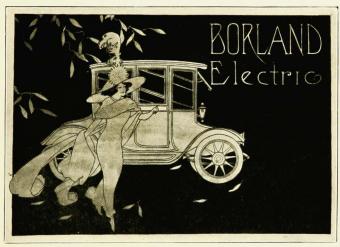
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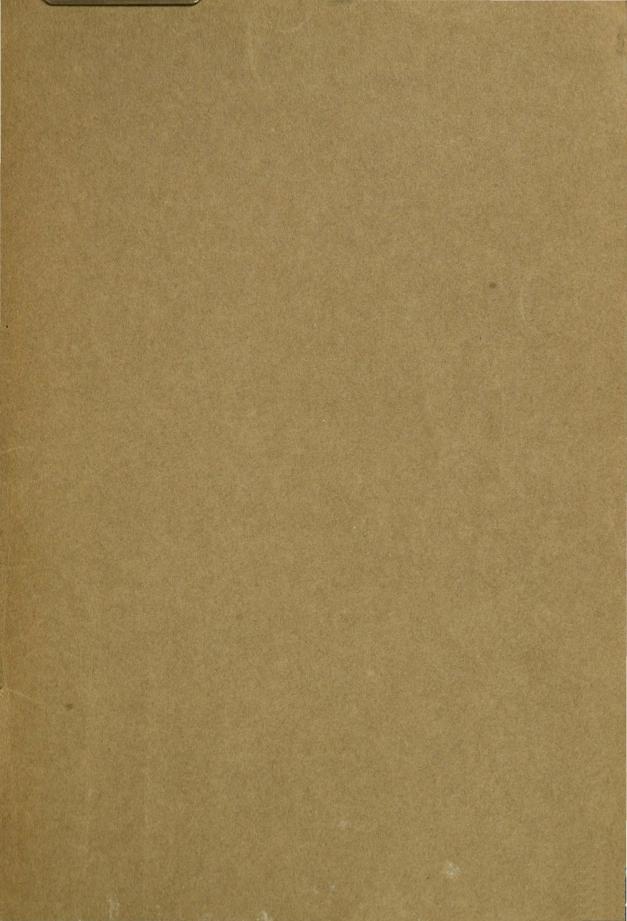
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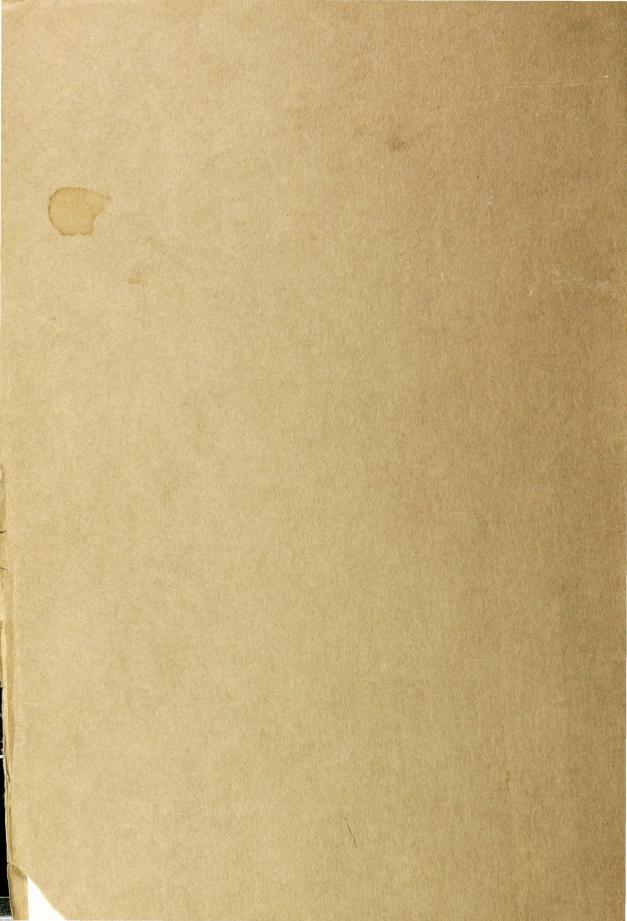
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# The CIRTONIAN





# THE GIRTONIAN

Volume VII.

No. 2

"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."

-Lord Byron.

# SOPHOMORE GIRTONIAN

Edited by the Sophomore Class of Girton School



EDITH MAGILL

ISHBEL MACLEISH

Louise Wood

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# A GIRTON SONG

In the whistling blast of the winter morn
What cares Girton for raging wind?
For the furious flurries of snow that blind?
Though the winter air by the wind is torn,
She bravely defies the blast with scorn,
Though its voice rings dreary and forlorn.

Through the dripping April afternoon,
We see the mist of the budding leaves,
And list to the raindrops' song on the eaves,
To the sighing winds that softly croon
A mystical, murmuring, springtime tune,
A faint, melodious, fairy roon.

'Neath the silent stars of the summer night,

The whispering of the evening breeze
Calls to Girton among the trees;
To a monument of truth and right,
Like a star that shines out clear and bright—
A clear, unfailing, guiding light.

—A. Q. R.

## THE HUDSON RIVER

It was a warm, balmy evening in early September. The great trees bent down almost to the water's edge, and the wind rustled softly through them. The low, drowsy murmurings of a summer night came on the ear. Little darting fire-flies flew here and there, now lighting up the big evergreens with their tiny lamps, now flitting softly out over the water.

On the banks of the Hudson, shaded by large trees, stood a quaint, little white cottage, whence came the sound of happy voices.

The beautiful river shone as smooth and glassy as a mirror. Far out over the waters two girls were slowly paddling a canoe. The graceful paddles dipped gently in and out dimpling the water, and the light craft floated lazily along. High above the Hudson shone the full moon, looking smilingly down, and trailing a silvery path far across the river. Now and then a heavy harge lumbered by, making a great upheaval in the waters, as they swelled back and forth.

Gradually it grew later. The lights in the cottage one by one blinked goodnight and went out. The voices ceased, and the canoe was safely moored close to the shore. A deep stillness pervaded the air. Not a breath stirred. Far in the distance was heard the lone hooting of the night-owl, and the low mournful whistle of the whip-poor-will sounded now and then from the thicket. The waves lapped soothingly on to the shore. A sea-gull skimmed slowly over the water. The moon stood silent, and majestic high in the heavens, and shed a wierd and ghostly light over the landscape. Occasionally a big night boat moved silently by, disturbing the water as the waves swished and surged up on to the shore. The bright lights on board lit up the great boat and the long slanting rays of the flashlights fell with a white and curious light on the grounds around the cottage.

The night waned. Gradually the moon sank lower and lower and disappeared from view, and the bright little stars put out their wee lamps, and vanished from the horizon.

M. L. C.

# "GOS'ES AND WITCHES"

"Maria Jane, where are you?" called a sharp voice from up stairs.

"Laws a massy! The missus is a callin' me. I hope she ain't a' goin' to come down here," cried Maria Jane in an alarmed tone, as she whisked a mysterious-looking pieinto the cupboard. Hurried steps were heard on the stairs, and a prim figure appeared in the kitchen.



"Why, Maria Jane Chloe!" exclaimed her mistress, "what have you been doing down here all this time? Haven't you washed those dishes yet? Why, what are you thinking of?"

"Lawsy missus," ejaculated the culprit, rolling her black eyes 'round and 'round and giving a hasty wipe to her pie-besmeared mouth. "Ain't I been a'washin' that little yeller dog o' yourn all afternoon? That mis'able little creatur' is enough to try the patience of a saint. He sho' is missus, an-an-he sho' 'nough is," cried poor little black Maria, and her face took on a panic-stricken look as her mistress eyed her severely.

"Maria Jane, I am afraid you have been stealing pie again. I am sure I don't know what will become of you. What would you say if witches or ghosts carried you away some day for being so bad?"

"Golly, missus," cried Maria Jane in an awe-struck tone, "am dere such things as gos'es and witches?"

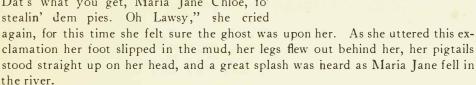
"Certainly, and some day they will carry you off," and with this the mistress marched upstairs.



That night little Maria Jane lay in her bed singing some darky songs in a loud, shrill voice, trying to quiet her fears of the "gos'es and witches." Suddenly she stopped singing and squeezed far under the covers, shivering from head to foot; for out on the lawn she felt sure she saw a large white ghost stealing nearer and nearer her window. The apparition seemed to float up to the window, and then sway back, and this was repeated again and again in a slow, solemn manner. Maria Jane's pearly teeth chattered and shook, and giving a terrified scream she jumped from her bed and ran pell mell downstairs and out of the house.

Maria Jane presented a funny spectacle as her little black legs scuttled down the river bank. Her white nightie flew out behind, and her kinkie little pigtails bobbed excitedly up and down. To look at her, one would have thought ghosts were surely after her. Her usually shining black face was actually almost white from fright. Every once in a while she rolled her eyes fearfully around, and gathering up her nightie, sped on still more quickly. As she hurried on she uttered smothered ejaculations:

"Lawsy mike, dat gos' sho' get me yet. Dat's what you get, Maria Jane Chloe, fo' stealin' dem pies. Oh Lawsy," she cried



A lonely old fisherman was just drawing in his net from the shadowy waters, when he heard a great commotion and saw for an instant two black legs kicking furiously in the air before they disappeared altogether. Fortunately the river was not deep, and before long a little black head emerged; he rowed quickly over to her and fished her out, and then chuckled softly as he recognized the dripping little darky. As he carried her home he was entertained by exclamations through her chattering teeth such as, "Golly, whar' am dat gos'? Heget me yet sho'. Lawsy Maria Jane Chloe, wherefo' did yo' steal dem pies?"

When Maria was covered up warmly in her little bed her mistress pointed out what she had thought was a ghost. Out in the yard stood a large clothes horse with



a rubber coat turned inside out, hanging up to dry.

"Why, ain't dat funny!" cried the sleepy little darky, and with that she settled her woolly head down on the pillow and was soon off in dreamland; but ever after that Maria Jane Chloe left pie severely alone.

M. L. C.

#### KATHERINE SPIEGEL

"Deeper than did ever plummet sound, I'll drown my book."

#### CLARA BERRICK

"From out that childish innocence, anon there comes a flash."

#### MARGARET CLINCH

"The creature hath a purpose, Her eyes are bright with it."

# Lucile Calisch, Vice President

"A good jest in time of misfortune is food and drink."

### JULIE CAHN

"I am sure care's an enemy to life."



# DOROTHY STANHOPE

"Good nature and good sense are ever joined."

# Marion Osborne, President

"Of stature tall—

I hate a dumpy woman."

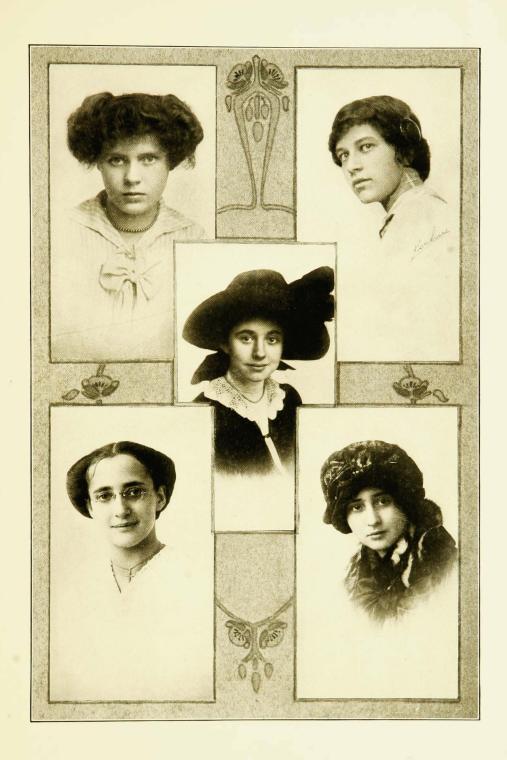
#### ALICE ROOD

"Filled with fury, rapt, inspired."

JANET FISHER
"Slow but sure."

#### FLORENCE BERLOVITZ

"A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off."



#### DOROTHY WORK

"Who rises late must trot all day."

#### Elsie Meyers

"The better part of valor is discretion."

#### DOROTHY GRUPE

"Blue eyes are true eyes But roguish are brown ones."

#### MARIA DE SILVA

"He does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural."

#### STELLA TAYLOR

"Hit the nail on the head"

### Ishbet MacLeish, Secretary and Treasurer

"She looked, and lo it was the middle of next week."

# LOUISE WOOD

"A mind made for big things."

#### EDITH MAGILL

"With a fine guileless inaptitude for all worldly affairs."



## SILAS MARNER

Silas Marner, unhappily, was a native of old England. I say unhappily, because if he could have lived in our times, his lot might not have been so hard.

Brought up in a religious community, he was himself a model of earnest faith, an honest and upright man. Something befell this man, however, something that was to change his whole life. Accused of murder by his best friend, he felt he must leave his native village. So he took up his abode elsewhere, a despised and lonely stranger.

Loved by no one, feared by many on account of physical peculiarities, his life soon became miserable. He could not go on just existing; that is not in human nature. He must attach himself to something. But what?—the pile of glistening gold which grew steadily under his caressing hand? Ah, how he loved his gold! His happiest moments were spent in the evening by his tiny hearth, jingling, counting, and gloating over the shining mass.

As we look on Silas Marner now, after his sojourn of fifteen years in a strange country, we should never recognize the tall young man of yore. He is bent; perhaps because of near-sightedness he stoops instinctively, or it may be from carrying sacks of linen, woven at his loom. Hesitating of gait he comes toward us; those protruding brown eyes, once so bright and full of expression, are now dull and listless.

Then the unhappy day came; his gold, his all, was stolen from him.

Oh Fate, why are you so unkind? Here is the wreck of a good man, unright-eously wronged. But wait—Fate is only fickle after all. It is not too late to save him from desolation.

Driven now by utter loneliness, he comes in contact with his fellow men, who for so long have shunned him. Then, in return for his treasure, Fate sends him a child with hair far brighter than gold, of a brightness that cannot be dulled.

 $\Lambda$  sweet baby voice, and a tiny soft little hand, lead a new Silas gently back into the world of people, from whence he had gone, a broken man.

E. M.

# A PERFECT DAY

Did you ever know a perfect day,
With a sky of azure blue:
When the scurrying clouds to the wind did say—
"Come, follow, we dare you to!"

With a gusty wind which swept bare each tree
Of its leaves of crimson and gold,
And laid them hither and yon on the lea,
To blanket the earth from cold.

And a sun which shone warm and lovingly
On the trees in their sorrowful plight;
While the motley carpet hoardingly
Held the rays of golden light.

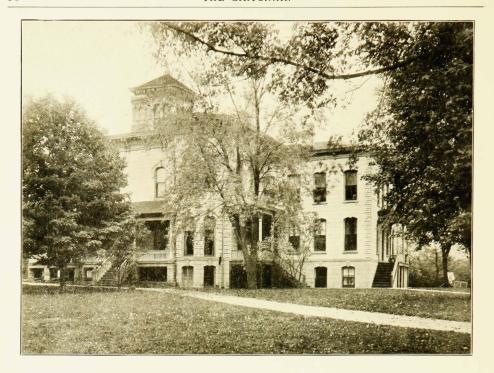
And in the air just a tinge of frost,

To remind you of Winter's strife.

On such a day weren't you utterly lost

To all discords in your life?

I. M. McL.



# JOY ENTERTAINS HER BABY FRIENDS

All the baby boarders gladly accepted Joy's kind invitation for Saturday evening. Precisely at six a merry crowd of young ones trooped in to the supper table. There were pink ginghams and blue ginghams; fluffy curls with perky pink bows, and dark brown hair that was boyishly bobbed. They had bread and milk and sandwiches, and ice cream. They laughed and they crowed, —not even Janey, the nurse, could keep order. When the little tots again went in to the drawing-room they found themselves in the midst of an alluring art gallery. There they all were at the age of six to twenty months, carefully framed and put up along the pianos and book-cases. They were given pencil and paper and told to connect names and faces. What fun it was guessing!

After various recitations and fancy dancing there was a children's ball with programs and an orchestra. What could be more delightful! Their eyes grew big as saucers as they saw cream-puffs approaching. After they had eaten all they wanted, the party broke up at the suggestion of Joy's nurse. Thirty very tired children dragged their weary little feet homeward at half past nine. And when their lights were turned out they snuggled down to dream of animal crackers and skirts above their knees; of numberless baby pictures taking hands and dancing on the polished top of a grand piano.

F. B.

# CAUSE FOR ALARM

A heavy step overhead, another step and yet another, "Ah," the visitor thought, "some of the gardeners are going down the back stairs." Another step was heard and then a crash-boom-bang, a hitting and a kicking, a falling, bumping sound. Then a deep gutteral growl that might have been the moan of an injured lion. The house was shaking. The visitor sat in horrified silence—what could have happened? Why did no one move? A moment later a tall, thin figure appeared in the doorway, with sliding feet and arms awry—and an expression of something between amusement and consternation. The visitor looked at the girls sitting around the table, calmly continuing their supper.

"Why-" she gasped, "why, what was it-that noise?"

The teacher looked up, smiled and answered cheerfully, "Nothing at all, my dear madam, merely Maria falling down stairs."

D. W.

Following last year's successful season with his Lake Superior Summer Camp for Boys, which he will continue this summer, Mr. Snyder will put into execution this autumn his long-cherished plan of an Out-of-Door Winter School for Boys at Captiva-on-the-Gulf, among the orange-groves of Florida, near the beautiful city of Fort Myers. (See his advertisement.)

Virginia Milner, in English III, when asked the difference between the Classic and Romantic Drama, replied: "In the Classic Drama people have to stay the same age all through the play, but in the Romantic they grow up and messengers come out and announce the fact."

Miss Wilcox in English III: "Oh you must have just a taste of Bacon!"

Anxious faculty to helpful roommate of the invalid: "Helen, can you drop out of a dropper?"

It was during the translation of an intricate passage in Cicero that Cecil Rigby gave expression to this bit of school-girl realism:

Miss Richardson—"But, Cecil, what does it mean?" Cecil—"I'm sure I don't know. I'm only translating."

Helen Miller—"What does Mr. Cooke carry around in that satchel?" Her bright room-mate—"School spirit, my dear."

On a mid-year exam paper: "Conjugation is the infection of verbs."

# JUAN'S PILGRIMAGE

In the dazzling light of noonday, along a dusty road in the Mexican Highlands, might be seen a man and two oxen, drawing a rudely made cart laden with brown pottery. The man, walking beside his charges, was small in stature. He was clothed in the loose white flapping trousers and blouse so common in that region. His great wide-brimmed "sombrero" entirely hid from view the sleepy eyes, leaving disclosed only the somewhat sullen mouth with its drooping moustache, and the worn sandals scarcely served to protect his bare feet from the burning alkali road.

The oxen, with heads drooping under the weight of the yoke, eyes closed and bodies covered with the white dust, plodded along, always with the same slow gait. Their heads were going up and down of one accord, as regularly as the swing of a pendulum. The man walked beside the pair, carrying a long pole with which he would poke them from time to time. But the oxen, never heeding, seemed too much engrossed in their own reflections to pay any attention.

Our hero, too, was thinking; yes—adding, subtracting and multiplying, until he was so mixed up he must needs begin all over again. He glanced at the pottery, the cause of his trouble. Jingling merrily every time it was carried over a bump, it seemed to jeer at him, confusing more hopelessly than ever his mental calculations. But after all, what cared he? Was not tomorrow St. John's day, when all good Catholics bathe? Had not his parents bestowed on him the name of the great saint? He was to sell his pottery on the market place with the best of them. And he was a philosopher not troubling himself over what his wares would bring in.

All day long they traveled. Far out across the plain, their sharp outlines piercing the rosy evening sky, lofty cathedral spires rose. Juan's eye brightened as he looked. Already he could see himself in the middle of the gaily festooned market square. Here were his favorite colors: red, white and green. He loved them because they were so bright, and right glad was he that they belonged to his country.

Nearer and nearer they drew. Great houses loomed up—pink and blue ones. Yes, this was the great city and no mistake. At last—and Juan thought the time would never come—they reached the city gates. Just inside he stopped to water his oxen and to secure for himself a pair of knee-breeches which he must slip on over the white ones; it was the law. Thus fitted out, and his team refreshed, Juan was ready to mingle with the crowd.

The clear, mellow tones of a bell rang out on the evening air in even strokes. The chattering ceased; all transactions were stopped. The women pulled their shawls up over their heads, the men took off their hats, and each one knelt with bowed head where he stood. Over all came the solemn hush of prayer.

E. M.

# CLASS OF 1915

CHEER—Qu'est-ce-que c'est que celui-la, Nineteen fifteen—Rah! Rah! Rah!

Motto—"Doers not dreamers"

Class Flower—Violet Class Color—Purple



#### CLASS SONG

Give a rouse then at all times
For the Soph's that know no fear
Turn hard times into good times
With the sunlight of good cheer.
For it's always fair weather
When the Sophomores get together.
With bright faces all about us
And a good song ringing clear
For it's always fair weather
When the Sophomores get together,
With bright faces all about us
And a good song ringing clear.

Oh we're all frank and twenty
When Spring is in the air
And we've fun and sport a plenty
And we've life and love to spare
Then life slips it's tether
When the Sophomores get together;
With bright faces all about us
And a good song ringing clear,
Then life slips its tether
When the Sophomores get together
When the Sophomores get together
With bright faces all about us
And a good song ringing clear.

# THE HIGHLAND DOCTOR

The wind rose and with a shriek beat down the heather and broom mercilessly. It was a storm peculiar to the Scottish Highlands; a night the like of which is not met with elsewhere.

Along the highway leading to Bilkieloch struggled a belated wayfarer, a traveler from afar. His clothes were not of the rough home-spun, common among the Highlanders, they told of the South country and perhaps even England. Onward, down the winding road into the valley plodded the weary traveler. He sought a moment's respite from the might of the wind behind a boulder or huge gnarled tree; there resting until spurred on again by the bitter, numbing cold which seemed to spring up from the gorse, press down from the boughs of the hemlock, creep in from the mountain side and smother the very warmth of his life out of him.

The road became broader and smoother, the descent more gradual. The rain fell heavily but quietly, for a while as yet the gale could be heard howling among the tops of the highest hemlocks; its might could not be felt in the valley. The houses became more frequent, with some near enough the road to permit the traveler to look in and see the family gathered before the hearth; the kindly Scotch father, the competent, sweet mother, the beaming, tousled little ones, all basking in the warmth of the glowing fire and the cheer of their home. At sight of these things the wayfarer hastened on faster, with lowered head and quickened breath.

Now the houses touched shoulder to shoulder, snuggling up to each other for comfort and companionship. Here was the Post Office, the main store, the blacksmith's hovel, the little church; and here was the village doctor's house, a little larger than the rest, set back a bit from the street with a tiny yard and flower bed from which the flowers had long since taken their leave.

The numbed traveler stumbled up the steps; one knock on the door and then he burst in, and stood breathless and swaying looking from one to the other of an old couple seated before the fire.

"Mother!" It was the cry of despair, of struggle, of victory; the voice of the conqueror.

For four years he had been in London and had just been offered a high place in the medical world which would have insured a huge salary—but the voice of the Highlands, the cry of despair of the herder, had touched his heart. He had returned to give his talent to these people and bury his ambition in secluded, unknown Bilkieloch, to follow in his father's footsteps. He was not to be a great London physician but, from his own choice, a country doctor in the bleak Highlands.

I. M. McL.

# **GIRTON PETS**



Girton is renowned not only as a girl's boarding school, but as a menagerie. There is quite a miscellaneous collection of animals, only a few of each kind. There are four cows, who are really very gentle, but they have a knack of making girls try to climb trees



or jump the fence. These cows live in a very nice home. It has cement floors, electric lights and everything to promote their general welfare.

Apart from all the other animals is the sleepy little pony, who does nothing these days but enjoy her meals. She might as well take life easy, for she is thirty-two years old. The name of this fat, shaggy pony is Nellie.

Of chickens there are one hundred and twenty-five, all fine ones too. These chickens live in a long, well-lit house, near the cows. One little rooster—his name is John—comes and eats out of one's hand, even though the person is a stranger.

The two blood-hounds, a collie, and a hunting dog are all very friendly. Sometimes they are so glad to see us that they jump up and get us rather muddy. They mean well, so we always forgive them.

Three cats, soft, sleek, and gray, live here at present. There used to be a larger family, but, poor things, they crept round the corner of the back porch one day, and never were heard of more.

And last of all, but not least in fame and significance, are the mice which enliven Girton at all times. The friendship between them and us is purely one-sided. Sometimes the girls are forced to entertain a few during the night. "Hide and



Seek" is one of their favorite sports, and "Follow the Leader" another.

We hope the Girton pets will live long and prosper. We are sure Girton would not be complete without them.



# A ROSEBUD AT THE JUNIOR PROMENADE

"Oh! the Junior Prom was wonderful;" said a little pink Rosebud all in a flutter, to her companion, a Buckle on a pair of black slippers. "I am so sorry you missed it." "Oh, tell me all about it," said Buckle. "Well," began Rosebud—"you heard the way the girls spoke about it for days and days before, and you remember how our mistress' room looked the night of the dance?"

"Yes, everyone seemed just to come in here;" said Buckle.

"Everyone was so excited, and so was I, Buckle dear. At last the ride to the club house was over, for some one opened the cab door and oh, I got so cold, but I must needs follow my mistress as her train swished out and down the steps to the dressing room. There, as the girls put on a few finishing touches, I had a chance to see myself in the mirror and to tell you the truth I was a vision of loveliness. Then,up stairs in the reception hall, the girls met their partners and I met some of the cutest black Bows."

"Oh, did you?" interrupted Buckle, sarcastically.

"But I love you much, much more," said Rosebud, very much agitated.

"Well then, go on with your story," said Buckle calmly.

So Rosebud went on—"When I entered the dance hall, I was surprised and yet very glad to see that all the Girton Rosebuds were there. They looked darling. It was all a glory of light and color, delicate yellow and blue with here and there a gay touch of cerise. The dancing then began and it was such fun, as you know it was my first ball. Then everyone went to have some punch. I really didn't care for any, but they insisted upon my having some and almost ruined my dress. The dance was lovely at first, and especially pretty when everyone was waltzing to dreamy music and the ball room was dark except for the blue and gold 1914 shining above the stage. I was so tired just before the end that I thought I surely should faint; my chiffon petals curled up and I almost went to sleep.

"After the girls said 'Goodnight' to the faculty and their partners, we started for home, and just think, Buckle, it was almost one o'clock then—Oh I missed you so Buckle, and some other Rosebuds said so too. Just as our mistress took off her slippers and laid me in the box I heard someone say, 'Goodnight, girls, lights out.' And then I fell asleep amid the chiffon of my rosette, a very happy rosebud."

#### SOPHOMORE SALLIES

Aunt Maria, the colored Taylor, stood with a Grupe of Fishers at Work, when suddenly a Hippo came Berlowaltzing through the Wood, crying, "Is it Stanhope or stand pat?" Aunt Maria stumbled Speedily to the Berricks where, grabbing a Squash in a Rood Clinch she cried: "I don't give a Calisch; Magills have turned blue and Os burned it."



# THE "WONDER WORLD"

Softly, lightly, silently fell the snow. The busy world seemed to stop for a moment; wait and wonder at the beauty all about. Each little twig and leaf reached out to catch the last whirling flake to add one more bit of white to the winter gowns of the trees. The earth was covered with a smooth, glistening blanket, soon to be whisked into innumerable shapes and curves by the slowly rising wind. The pines, laden even to breaking with fleecy snow, seemed still to cling lovingly to their burden, reluctant to spoil the picture by easing their limbs of the load.

The barberry bushes, well-nigh buried, yet pushed out their tiny red berries to make a spot of color in the wonder world.

A wonder world in truth! It was a fairy kingdom with the white glory over all the earth and a leaden sky above, from which fluttered the soft flakes that in so short a time had transformed the bleak village to a palace of rarest beauty.

L. H. W.

# Calendar

December 11—The Girton Doll Show, and all Girtonites and people of surrounding country are present. There are dolls dressed as queens, as sailors, boy dolls, and in fact, dolls in every imaginable costume. The room is beautifully decorated with banners and posters and everyone is interested in the "babies." Later the posters are auctioned and the money is used to send books to the boys at Association House. The dolls are carried to the girls there by Santa Claus.

December 21—Santa Claus distributes the dolls to the eager children at Association House after being beautifully entertained by songs and a little play by the children. Each child at least starts out as a good mother, for she hugs and kisses her doll, and promptly lifts up its dress to see what is underneath. The children leave the hall blissfully happy, clasping in one arm their "babies" and in the other large bags of Christmas candy.

January 16—Demonstration of Tango after dinner in the drawing room before

the entire faculty.

January 17—Tango permitted at mid-year dance as result of previous evening's efforts. Boarders are introduced to the Taft family and Mrs. Smith and her daughters.

January 24—Girton goes to the Community House and is greeted by a broken film.

January 25—After many futile attempts on the part of the music lovers, a party at last hears Mary Garden in "Thais." Joy Hawley invites her baby friends to a party. See above.

January 27—Miss Sherman gives short program in Knollslea Parlors. Crammers begin to toil. Happy leads list by retreating to the bath-tub for study. But all in vain—she awakes to find she has slept comfortably all night long

January 28—The school was honored by the presentation of famous pictures by Miss Knox and her troupe of clever imitators.

January 29— The Senior Latin prose class endeavors to make themselves famous by taking the Harvard entrance examinations. Two reached Cambridge in safety but as a result of too much indirect discourse others find it necessary to take the trip again.

January 30—A real observation car fitted up on the third floor of Leicester see glories of Ancient Greece by moonlight. Exams—enough said.

January 31-Popcorn party at Knollslea.

February 3—Everybody afflicted with some nervous trouble or other, probably because of the yellow books which are destined to be returned on the morrow.

February 4—Sad news gently broken by faculty. Some of us are happy and some of us are not.

February 6—Play try-out. Every girl present showed promise of remarkable ability and because of super abundance of splendid material nothing was decided

upon. The first of the weekly teas given at Knollslea. Such flowers and plants and sociability. Mr. Edwards, the wel'-known singer, gives a concert in the evening. Since then we have all been singing "And the Green Grass Grew All Around."

February 10—GIRTONIANS out—Juniors very happy and proud.

February 12—Holiday. Most everybody busy catching trains.

February 13—Girton Service. Brother Hawley delivers a most impressive sermon which is followed by the hymn and offering.

February 14—Julie Cahn gives an imitation of Sleeping Beauty in German Class. February 17—Sophomores have a meeting, everyone reported to have "bean" very well entertained.

February 19—Play-cast announced. New Stars begin to shine.

February 20—Tea at Knollslea. Mr. and Miss Richardson are guests at dinner, after which Mr. Richardson gives an interesting reading and talk.

February 22—Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Hatchet give their daughter, Truthful, to Mr. Delaware Cherry. The ceremony is performed by Rev. Puniffieus. The ring service is used and Julie, the little niece of the bride, makes a very sweet ring bearer. The couple expect to go West on their Honey-moon.

## THE FRESHMAN

Then the guileless little freshie
Came to Girton after knowledge,
Studied French and mathematics,
How to whisper undetected,
How to eat beneath her desk lid.
Bluffed in class and flunked in exes,
Called herself the "Sporty Freshman."
Of each land she learned the language,
Studied ponies in between times,
Practiced slang and putting hair up,
Briefly spoke in Current Topics;
Marvelled at the upper-classmen
In the dignity of knowledge.
But there's hope for even freshies,
Next year they'll be "Speedy Sophomores."

A. Q. R.

#### "CLEO"

Here's a few lines to Cleopatra who visits us after "lights out." Although she is small, we can always hear her slide across the room as Leicester shakes when that midnight special passes. Lightly she trips over the icy floor; and well may be heard our shrieks when she appears. All is quiet—then Cleo's little dance begins. First she tastes all our sweets, then we throw all our shoes, and now poor Cleo is no more. She's been buried next to Jimmy Carle Brown; and on her tomb-stone is inscribed:

"May Cleopatra, Venus, Jackson, Milner, Calisch, Brown, rest in warmth!"

L. S. C.

Miss de S. in English II—"Who wrote Adam Bede?" Ishbel (with conviction)—"I did."

If there is a Taylor in the Sophomore Class would Dorothy Work?

If Squash is Sauer is "Hash" a Pickle?

If Edith can Weil a Peg can Helen Walker?

If Julie Cahn, can Francis Cooke?

Miss Wilcox in English III.—"Bunyan's father was a tinker, what is a tinker?" E. K.—"Oh I know, it's kettles."

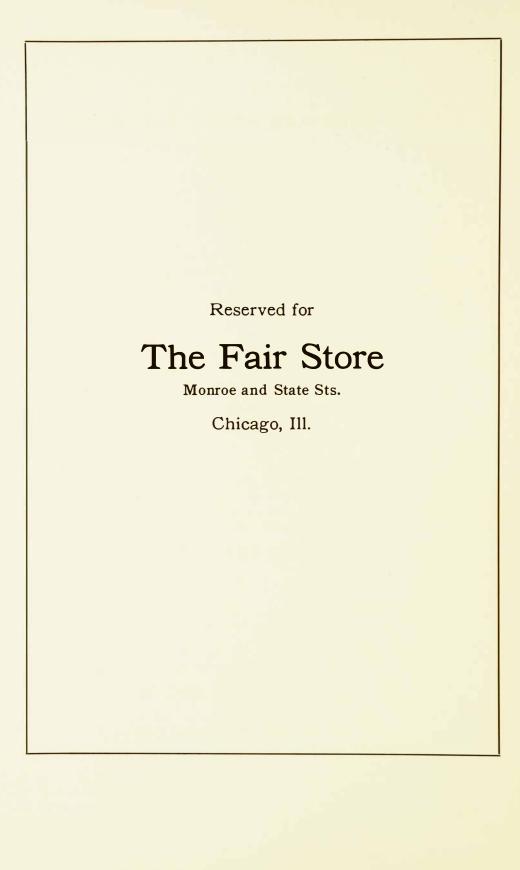
We are all interested in Dorothy's themes: "Kelley may have been the better poet, but Sheats was assuredly the better man."

One way of defining it: "The superlative degree is the highest degree—a king."

Miss de S. in French II—"Give all the forms of 'notre'."

Grace—"Notre, notre, no- - - se."

Grace, translating the Marseillaise—"Marchons, marchons! Merchant, merchant!"



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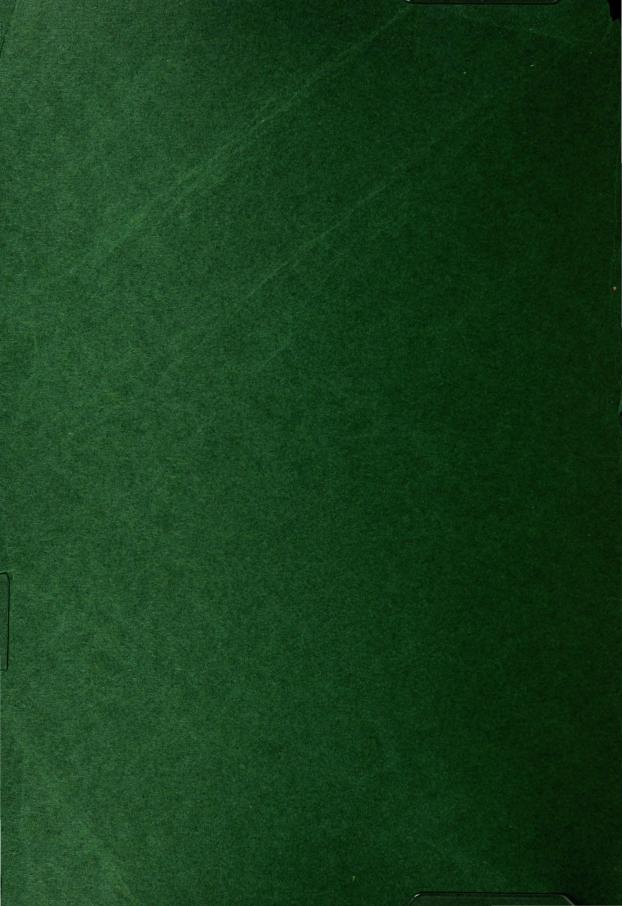
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# The GIRTONIAN



# THE GIRTONIAN

Volume VII.

No. 3

"Be to our faults a little blind;
Be to our virtues very kind."
—Prior

## THE FRESHMAN GIRTONIAN

Edited by the Class of 1916, Girton School



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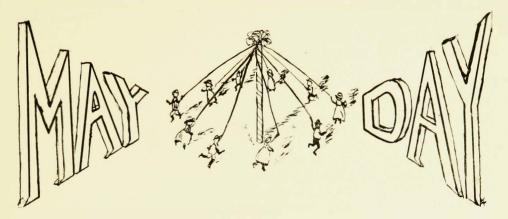
# TO THE MAY-POLE LET US ON

"To the May-pole let us on,
The time is swift and will be gone!
Then go lasses to the green
Where their beauties may be seen.
All fair lasses have lads to attend 'em,
Jolly brave dancers, who can amend 'em?
To the May-pole let us on,
The time is swift and will be gone.

Come together, come, sweet lass, Let us trip it on the grass! Courting, piping on the green, The bravest lads will sure be seen. There all day, on the First of May, Lads and lasses dance and play. Come together, come, sweet lass, Let us trip it on the grass!"

-OLD ENGLISH.

THE GIRTONIAN



Poets of all ages have eulogized May as the freshest, the most inspiring month of all the year. Who does not feel in the first days of May, a longing to go out into the woods and revel in all the unfolding greenness and beauty, and to bring some of it back to brighten their homes? Such desires come usually after that drowsy period called "spring fever," when we are waking up with the birds and flowers. Nature is coming out of her long winter sleep and bursting into sudden bloom, and every living being is filled with wonder at the miracle of reviving life everywhere.

This joyous sensation has been felt by people of all ages, even by pagans and barbarians years ago, who in the first spring days held festivities in the woods as an expression of their joy in the beauty of all things. But the first May-day originated among the Romans in 241 B. C., when they celebrated games and festivals in honor of Flora, the goddess of growth and fertility. These games were called Floralia, and were kept up for many years.

Other nations later followed the example of the ancient Romans in making May a time for fêtes and games, and in "Merrie England" the sports were carried on with especial eagerness. The country people made expeditions to the woods in the early morning, when dawn was first breaking over the tree-tops, and with song and dance they would "bring home the May." Great boughs of leaves and buds were torn down, clinging vines uprooted, flowers gathered, and with these spoils they would return gayly home to decorate all the doors and windows in the village, and strew the streets with green. The white hawthorne blossom was chosen as especially significant of the season, and it was simply called "the May." This was an opportune time, also, for lovers to express their feelings, and bouquets or loveknots would be left on door-handles, or bushes planted in fair damsels' gardens.

The participants in these sports were mainly village lads and lasses, but at a somewhat earlier period knights and ladies shared the fun, and even the court, and sometimes the king and queen, would condescend to join their subjects in the May-Day revels. One incident of crowned heads "going a Maying" was when King Henry VIII. and his queen, Katherine of Aragon, wandered forth in costume over

the hills of Kent and met their chief counsellors on Shorter's Hill. There they danced gay measures and brought home the May. In Edinburgh to this day, it is the custom for the ladies of fashion to roam over the fresh green fields and bathe their faces in the morning dew of May.

Another and most picturesque feature of May-Day was the May-pole. The young men of the village would go out early, select the tallest and straightest tree available, and haul it home to the village green, with a crowd of happy stragglers at their heels. There, after stripping it of boughs, they would decorate it with garlands and wreaths of flowers, until it was a mass of bloom; or else paint it with gayly colored stripes, and then with gay shouts and songs they would raise it to its full height. This trimming of the May-pole and the crowning of the "Queen of the May," were the chief events of the fete; the rest of the day was spent in games and in the dances which traditionally belonged to May Day.

The May-pole came to be in time a public institution, having its place beside the church and village stocks, and the neighboring parishes vied with each other in seeing who could have the highest pole. There were several famous May-poles in different parts of England, remains of which may be seen today. The most renowned was a pole erected on the Strand in London. In 1644 Parliament had issued a decree forbidding May-poles and May Day festivities; but twenty years later, the people were bold enough to defy the law, and gave vent to their joy in the beauty of the May by carrying through the London streets an enormous May-pole. They put it up in a street facing the Strand, which is even now called May-pole Alley. This May-pole was looked upon as a sign of the approaching power of the Stuarts, and it became the center of many scenes of public ceremony. At last, in its old age, Sir Isaac Newton took it away to support a huge telescope, and thus it was sacrificed to the cause of science. Its fame has been preserved through many generations, and a poet has written:

"What's not destroyed by Time's relentless hand?

Where's Troy—and where's the May-pole on the Strand?"

Now there are few May-poles in England, and those that do survive are used for other less idyllic purposes. Washington Irving tells us in his "Sketch-Book" of seeing an ancient Maypole on the banks of a stream in England. His first glance at it served to charm the country for him, as he was reminded of all the quaint fancies of May-Day. He believed that the May-Day fêtes filled the common people with simple happiness and beauty, and that as they fell into disuse, the peasantry became more and more artificial and extravagant in their pleasures.

Famous among the revels of the Day were the Robin Hood games, in which strolling actors represented the different characters of the old legends, popular everywhere and especially so in Old England on this Day of days. Anything that was droll or amusing would entertain the people, and besides the Robin Hood Games, there was a traditional group called the Milk-Maids, who wandered from village to village during May, dressed in fantastic costumes, and leading a be-

flowered cow or a man very grotesquely made-up, who would delight the people with his antics. And even now there are to be seen in rural England wandering bands of chimney sweeps, strangely dressed in gilt paper to attract the generosity of the onlookers.

Although the observance of May Day has almost died out, there are still remote places in the country where it is quietly observed. In Southern France, the young girls celebrate May as the month of flowers and of the Virgin. They choose the fairest of their number to be "Queen of the May," and she is crowned with a garland of flowers and clothed in flowing white robes. She is then seated upon a sort of bower, where she smiles down upon the passer-by, and holds out a little cup "for the May." In Sweden and some other northern lands, May-Day festivals are still held. In the country they still trim the May-poles and dance around them in the long midsummer nights. On one May-Day several years ago, an American flag was joined with the Swedish flag on top of the pole, causing a great deal of excitement among the neighboring peasants. In Stockholm it is the custom to dine out-doors on May-Day, and even if the weather is quite cool, the people will eat out in their gardens, preferring to shiver rather than to slight the May!

All these delightfully simple traditions of other nations have, sad to say, no place in the rush of American life, and the average American thinks of the first of May only as the time for bills and spring moving. Of late years, however, schools and colleges all over the country have been making May-Day Revels one of their yearly festivals, and are reviving in them much of the atmosphere of "Merrie England," giving vent, as did the lads and lasses of other times, to their rapturous joy in living.

"Then sing ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabors' sound!
We in thought will join your throng
Ye that pipe and ye that play
Ye that through your hearts today
Feel the gladness of the May!"

F. v. H.

# THE CLASS OF 1916

"O wad some power the giftie gie us To see oursels as ithers see us."

-Burns.

HELEN BOURNIQUE (President)

"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;

Like twilight, too, her dusky hair."

MARGARET BUSHONG
"From the crown of his head

To the sole of his foot, he is all mirth."

Marjorie Morris

"What sweet delight a quiet light affords."

Priscilla McIlvaine (Secretary)

"As frank as rain on cherry-blossoms."



#### KATHERINE SOLBERY

"In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be."

### EMILY CASE

"For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still."

#### HELEN MORRISON

"A thought ungentle canna be The thought of 'Helen' Morison."

# MARIE PAGE

"Wilt thou have music? hark!"



#### HENRIETTA MAGIE

"Much mirth and no madness All good and no badness."

#### FRANCES VON HOFZTEN

"He is truly great that is little in himself, and that maketh no account of any height of honours."

#### Louise Thorne (Vice-President)

Behold, the music of the spheres ceased And low they bent their ears, When this tuneful maid was born!

#### HELEN MILLER

"Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax, Her cheeks like the dawn of day."

#### MERVYN SHENTON (ex-secretary)

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear."

#### VIRGINIA TIETGENS

"She sauntered and gently studied."

#### ETHEL LEONARD

"• bed! bed! delicious bed,

"That heaven upon earth to the weary head!"



# THE OLD ENGLISH JACK OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

It was late afternoon of a day early in September, windy and cold, a day on which one feels as if one could walk miles and not feel tired—when we started out from the Crawford Notch to visit the hut of "The old English Jack of the White Mountains," far up the mountain side. Our way led over a rustic bridge into a fragrant forest of pines, spruces, and balsaams. The narrow path, winding upward, was covered thickly with pine needles; now and then we caught a glimpse of the setting sun as it shone upon glistening rocks; and here and there among the dark pines there gleamed a tall, white birch tree. Pausing once in a while to get our breath, or to wonder at some marvellous view which an opening in the forest would spread before us, on and on we climbed, until at last we came upon a little low hut tucked cozily back among the tall trees, which sheltered it on every side but one. That one looked out upon a glorious succession of wooded hills and deep ravines, brightened here and there with silvery cascades, sparkling now in the glow of the flaming sun.

Through the open door of the hut we saw sitting in a great armchair, a little, wizened, old man, with a long white beard, and white locks that covered his stooped shoulders. He had evidently heard us coming, for he was all expectancy, and in a quavering voice bade us enter, warning us to stoop, for the door was very low. So we gathered around his chair plying him with questions, until he had told us some of his life's story.

He was ninety-nine years old, and had lived alone in his little hut for fifty years. He was born in Bristol, England. Because of his love for adventure, when but a boy of twelve he ran away from home and became a sailor on an English vessel. For many years he had followed the wild, free life of the seas, and even now his dim eyes brightened as he told us tales of shipwreck and pirates in true before-the-mast fashion. When at last, tired of sea-faring life, he went back to England, he found the little playmate of his boyhood days grown into a fair village maid, the toast of many lovers. He, too, joined the ranks, and before many months had passed they were promised to each other. But his sweetheart played him false, and shortly before their wedding day, she married a handsome young marine and sailed away from Bristol. Then it was that the poor, heart-broken sailor left his native England forever, and came to America to bury himself in the solitude of the White Mountain.

The hut was as old and as-worn-out as its master. There was but one window in the low room, and a piece of faded red flannel replaced its broken glass. In one corner stood an old stove, upon which were a couple of rusty pots and pans; in another was a rickety couch covered with some rough woolen blankets. On the

wall hung an old, old rusty lantern, and many colored pictures of English kings and queens, showing that even though he lived so far away from his native land, his thoughts were still of England. On the wall opposite his chair, hung an oldfashioned miniature of a lovely young girl—one can guess who she was. Three mysterious looking sacks were piled in the darkest corner of the room, and beside them leaned a red ladder leading into an attic or rough loft. We longed to ask him what the sacks contained and if we might climb the tempting red ladder and explore the attic, but he did not suggest it, and so in the gathering twilight we bade farewell to "the old English Jack," leaving him, as we had found him, in his old arm-chair, gazing out upon the clustering hills. Will he be there, I wonder, when we next visit the mountains?

H. M.

#### A LITTLE RHYME

I.

Work! Work! Work! A poem I'm told to write, And how to begin it I cannot guess, And how to complete it I know much less.

Work! Work! Work! Till my brain begins to swim It will not rhyme, It will not rhyme, And I've wasted so much of my study-time! And now I send this tale of woe,

It breaks my heart to grieve you so. K.S.

### THE STRUGGLE

The clock was striking seven.

"Get up!" whispered my conscience. "Dress so that you can catch the car."

The fiend was at my bedside urging, "Stay in bed this morning; you are tired. Don't worry about school; take life easy!"

"Rouse thyself!" said my conscience, "think of all you'll miss by staying home from school!"

The morning was cold. All night long the wind had whistled around the house, and finally had found its way through my window, so that my room was like an ice-box. "I shall obey my conscience," thought I, so I jumped out of bed, snatched up my clothes and ran into the next room where it was warm enough to dress.

Things went along very smoothly until it was time to leave the nice warm house and walk out into the blustering morning. Then the fiend came running along by my side, and, although I could not see him, I knew he was there, and I was afraid that I might yield to his temptation. Still holding him off, I reached the car-track. Minute after minute dragged by and the car did not come around the bend. Again the fiend tried to persuade me, "Go home! Don't stand here and freeze your nose waiting for a car that is probably snow-bound. Turn back!"

I tried not to listen to his persuasive words, but in vain, they were bound to creep in somewhere. I was on the point of accepting his counsel, when along came the car. With a bound I was on board, leaving behind me a sad and vanquished little fiend.

In half an hour I was in the warm school room, thawing out my nose (which was not *quite* frozen), and very happy because I had not yielded to the fiend's persuasions. After school, my conscience whispered very quietly to me.

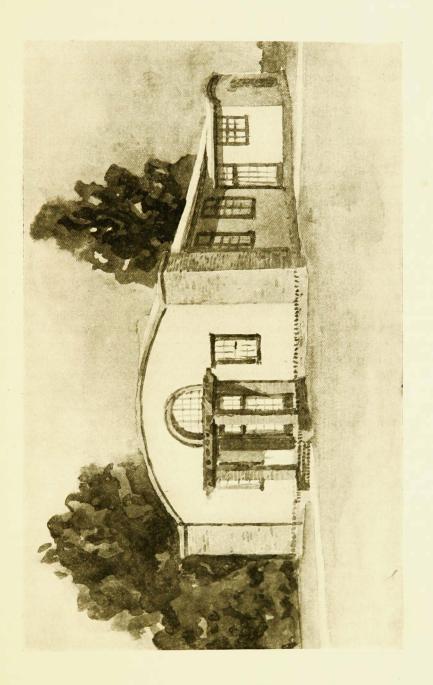
"Are you not glad that you minded me, and came to school?"

And I had to answer "Yes!"

Н. В.

# THE NEW GYMNASIUM

A gymnasium has long been our dream at Girton, and at last we are to see it realized. The architect is already working upon his plans, and has given us here a rough sketch of the proposed design. We hope to see the first ground broken in a few weeks now, and when we return to school next September, the first thing to meet our eyes will be a fair and beautiful "Gym," its doors open wide, inviting us to come in and have "a grand, good time." The drill and dancing floor will be practically of the same dimensions as the ball-room of the Winnetka Woman's Club, though a little longer, in order to afford space for a stage, the future setting, we hope, for many inter-class dramatics. There will be dressing rooms and showers, and possibly a swimming pool, although that may not be installed until later.



### AND THE TABLES WERE TURNED

"Won't it be fun though! And won't Jean be hopping mad! It'll serve ——"
"Sh-h-h! Here she comes! Act just as usual." The little group of girls separated, and May, the last speaker, danced forward to Jean, put her arms around her, and began to chatter hard.

May Worthington went as a day pupil to a boarding-school in the town, and now Jean, Eleanor and Louise, who boarded at the school, were spending the Easter vacation with her. Today was April Fool's day, and Jean, who was the most mischievous of little, dark fifteen-year olds, had been playing pranks on her chums, all day long. She had persuaded old mammy to put cotton in some of the muffins and, by dint of clever management, had had the satisfaction of seeing her three friends, one by one, leave the table, with very wry faces indeed. She had dropped a big, black artificial spider on the edge of Louise's hair, just above her eyes, and scared her friend nearly out of her wits, for the creature clung to her hair and refused for a long time to be dislodged. She had gotten the whole family and all the servants out on the front porch by screaming around at the top of her lungs that there was an aeroplane fallen in the front lawn. Altogether, it had been an uproarious day, with the joke all on Jean's side, and when Jean disappeared to put a rubber glove stuffed with cotton into Eleanor's bed, the other girls gathered together, and quickly decided on a plan for fooling their naughty friend.

When Jean came softly back she heard them talking eagerly in the other room. "And she'll never know that all you have to do is to stick your finger nail in the crack of the third panel about half way down! Won't it be fun! We'll leave her there all night long, and won't she be sorry then!" This was Louise's voice, and Jean grinned as she realized that the spider was having its effects.

Then May's voice sounded, "No, we won't. Mother would never approve of frightening her so. We'll get all ready for bed, and then get her, when she's been in there an hour. That'll be enough punishment."

Jean had heard enough. She slipped away quietly, then returned with her usual slam-bang.

After dinner that night, Mr. and Mrs. Worthington went out to a reception, leaving the girls to amuse themselves. May immediately suggested a game of "Lead the Blind." Louise and Eleanor, being in the plot, of course expressed great eagerness, and Jean readily consented. They drew lots for the "blind" one, and with a little arranging, the three conspirators managed to make Jean draw the "blind" slip. She was tightly blindfolded and led through passages and sliding doors, up and down stairs, for the house was a big and old one, with many old-fashioned arrangements. Finally they came to the "secret-room." It was not really a secret, for everyone in the family knew all about it, and May had just told Eleanor and Louise, so Jean alone was supposed to be ignorant of it. The girls took her in, walked around the ten square feet or so of the room, and then May

and Louise slipped away, while Eleanor, who was leading Jean, suggested that they sit down on the bench which ran all around the side of the room. They did so, and Eleanor gradually edged away on the seat until free of her companion, and then with a dash, she reached the door, slammed the panel to, and ran to join Louise and May. They all danced a jig at the successful execution of their designs and sat down to a game of hearts. After a round or two, they went upstairs and undressed. Louise and Eleanor, who were cousins, had a room together, and Jean and May each had a separate one. They got ready for bed and then marched in a procession to the "secret" room, threw open the door, turned on the light, and called Jean to come out. To their horror and amazement the room was empty! For a minute they looked aghast at each other, then tore down the passage to Jean's room. There, with her eyes closed, and her lips strangely puckered, lay Jean, and dangling from the post of her bed was a placard, whereon was written in big letters, "April Fool."

E. I. C.

## NATURE'S PRANKS

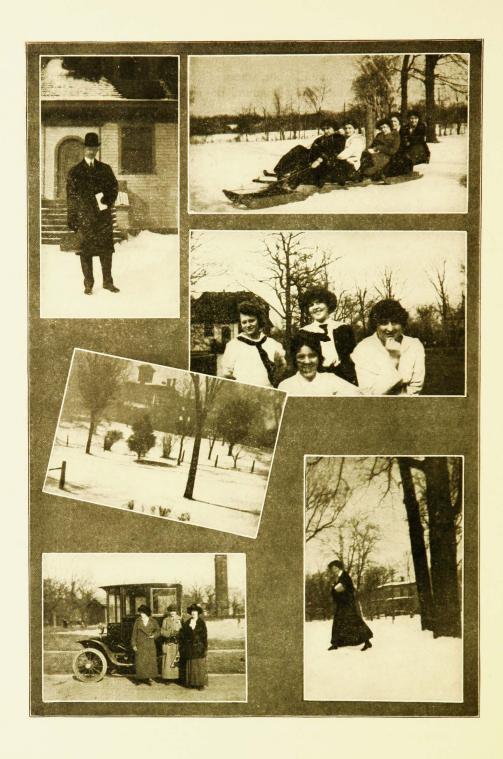
Who can be tapping at the door? I must run and see who it is.—It was only the wind, inviting me to come out in the sunshine. What an old April-Fool the wind is to knock so like a human being!

What is the sunshine doing down by the brook, I wonder? I shall run down and see if the hepaticas have come out. Oh! there are fishes in the brook! April Fool! they are only willow leaves, whirled by the current of the stream.

Disgusted, I turn away from the water's edge, and before my eyes I see a beautiful bird up in a tree. Can it be an orchard oriole, six weeks too soon? Oh, no! April Fool again! It's only an old leaf with the sun shining on it.

Now that the sun has gone under a dark cloud I must hurry home for it looks like rain. Dear me! The first day of April is hard to bear, for when I got home the sun came out and said "April Fool!" to me, because it was not going to rain; it was just trying to play tricks upon me as all things do on April first.

M. M.



### **CURRENT EVENTS**

March 1-The boarders begin to pack for the holidays.

March 7—Senior house party and dance in Knollslea. Home truths are freely exchanged at 3 a. m.

March 8-Junior-Senior Theatre party at "Peter Pan."

March 10—The boarders are packed.

March 13—Sophomore Minstrels! Invitations were recalled just before the curtain went up, and they entertained us with thrilling ghost-stories, delicious apples, and—no peanuts!

March 14—Easter holidays begin at 1 o'clock.

March 25—Easter holidays close at 9 o'clock. Some of the boarders report on time.

March 26-A few more wander in.

March 27—And some more!

March 28—Miss Richardson and Miss Lovejoy were our guests for dinner. Miss Lovejoy is an alumnae of Girton, and a graduate of Vassar in the class of 1911. She made a very stirring appeal for Woman Suffrage, and won many firm advocates to the cause.

March 29—Senior-Junior Luncheon at the Mission Tea-Room. After luncheon some of the girls viewed the Cubist exhibition in the Art Institute. One or two came back proudly assuring us that they could distinguish a feature here and there, and one Senior even went so far as to claim that she could see the skirt on "A Nude Figure Descending the Stair!"

March 30—Margaret Smith develops chickenpox and retreats to Oak. The rest of us gargle—that is to say, a few of us do.

March 31—Another boarder returns from the holidays!

April 1—Fooled again!

First baseball game of the season. Work's swift balls, Bothwell's artistic work at the bat, and Weil's exceptional record in making bases, all give promise of a strong Girton team this year.

April 5—Mr. Cooke starts Spring-cleaning on the school campus. Pauline sighs for dandelions. Maria does not have a study hour!

April 6—Helen Miller returns from her Easter vacation. We are once more a re-united family.

April 7—Ruth Jeffris, alias "Sweeney," Girton 1912, and now a Vassar Freshman, was Katherine Carle's guest for the night.

The Sophomore GIRTONIAN comes out and is greeted with great applause.

April 8—The Glee Club, in full chorus, bursts into song at 9 a. m. The early morning plan meets with great enthusiasm, and the Glee Club bids fair to be a most delightful feature of our Spring session.

April 11—Wilna Soverhill, Girton 1912, and Katherine Greene, Girton 1913, gave us a delightful musical program in the evening. Esther Stevens, Pauline Lauterbach and Dorothy Lenham were our guests for the night.

Following last year's successful season with his Lake Superior Summer Camp for Boys, which he will continue this summer, Mr. Snyder will put into execution this autumn his long cherished plan of an out-of-Door Winter School for Boys at Captiva-on-the-Gulf, among the orange-groves of Florida, near the beautiful city of Fort Myers. (See his advertisement.)

### A LAMENT

Soap and towels and pink tooth-paste Graced the bath-room, left in haste. Never reached their destination. Alack! they suffered confiscation!

Little cakes placed in a box, Tightly wedged in brand new socks— Never reached their destination, Alack! they suffered confiscation!

Candies sweet from Wood's own store, Nougats, mints, and creams galore— Never reached their destination, Alack! they suffered confiscation!

Rubbers great and rubbers small Stood in groups in Knollslea Hall, Never reached their destination, Alack! they suffered confiscation!

Blustry March has come and gone; Spring should come with sun and song. Suppose it'll reach its destination, Or fall a victim of confiscation?

### THE AMERICAN BOOK MARKS

(A true happening)

One day, up in Northern Sweden, some moose-hunters had tracked their prey to his den, and then had missed him. So, tired and discouraged, they started on their homeward march. The bright noon sun was pouring down, making them hot and thirsty, and they could not expect to find a well or spring, for they were miles away from village or house, in the midst of the great primeval forest.

To their wonder, however, they presently spied a little gray cabin perched on the side of the mountains, with a narrow, winding path leading to it, and a thin streak of blue smoke curling up from the chimney into the clear air. Evidently someone was living there, but what a lonely life, away up on that mountain, where a chance visitor might wander by only two or three times a year! The hunters, hopeful of possible refreshment, and curious to know who it was that braved life in such a wilderness, climbed up the steep path to the clearing where the cottage stood.

It was a tiny shanty, built of rough logs, loosely nailed together, and barely tight enough to keep out the cold winter blasts. Back of it was a little ploughed potato patch, the only mark of prosperity.

The hunters knocked on the door, and in answer, it opened a crack and a shrill voice called out for their names. Giving them, they were allowed to enter the cottage, where they found a little, weazened, old woman, very poorly and scantily dressed, with her thin shoulders bent over from constant work on the potato-patch. She was the only occupant of the cabin, save two cackling hens and a thin little goat, who were eating their hay and oats in one corner. All of the furnishings were of the poorest kind, and the old woman evidently had a hard time to keep the wolf from the door.

Now she hurried eagerly to bring seats and food for her guests, hobbling around with a lame leg, for her rheumatism was almost too much for her. After the men had finished her hospitable, though scant, meal, she settled herself to hear all the news, for travellers were rare in this part of the country. Then they wanted to know her story. How had she, a crippled old woman, come to live in this lonely place? She ought to be with her family, surrounded by little towheaded grand-children.

"No, no!" was her answer. Her son was in America, that wonderful country, and he was coming home some day to give his mother all his earnings! He wrote her once a year, at Christmas time; and he, the blessed boy, always sent the loveliest presents—strange, long book-marks! But there was a wistful note in the old woman's voice, showing how welcome some more useful present would have been. The hunters then asked to see the gifts; and proudly the fond mother drew out her worn old Bible and showed them the "book-marks," the Christmas presents

of fifteen years. An American, who happened to be of the hunting-party, gave a gasp of astonishment.

"Book-marks!" he exclaimed, "these are not book-marks! They are twenty and thirty dollar bills! You have in your hand about four hundred American dollars and nearly four times as many Swedish crowns!"

At first the old woman could not understand, but after much explanation and hurried talking, she grasped a little of the truth. A happy smile lit up her face, and she thought to herself with a contented sigh, "My son has not forgotten his mother all these years. He has not forgotten how poor she was, nor how she had to plow her potato-patch, and milk her thin little goat. Think of it! With these fifteen 'book-marks,' I can have twenty acres of potato land, twenty cows if I need them and a great lovely house in place of this little cabin!"

F. V. H.

#### MOONLIGHT

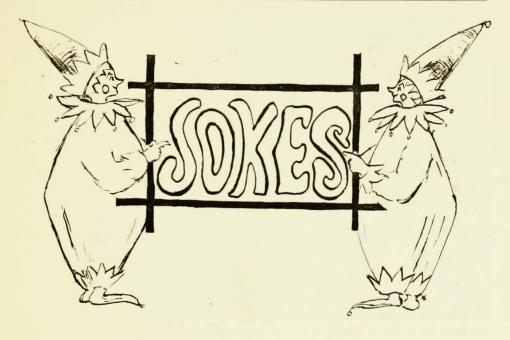
Twilight deepens everywhere and all the world is hushed and still, save for the whirring katy-dids. Slowly, as if by magic, a dreamy light robes all the wood; before each object a shadow falls in sight, and over the lake is swung a swaying, golden bridge. Far in the distance is heard the screech-owl's mournful cry, and in the marsh, the whip-poor-will; from the emerald waters of the lake comes the shrilling cry of the loon to which his mate makes answer. Great trees, giant-like, hover about the lake like the starry host above the moon, and now and then, beneath their branches, there steals a silvery, moon-lit beam to light the gleeful fairy-folk, who dance in the shadows of the wood.

H. M.

## AN APRIL DAY

(After W. W.)

My heart leaps up when I behold
The sunshine in the sky;
Its glories fade—my joy is past
As darkling clouds their shadows cast.
Swift showers fall, while I, I'm told,
Do softly cry!



Miss de S. in English II.—"What is a courtier, Katherine?" Katherine Spiegel—"One who courts."

#### The Importance of Being Earnest

M. Bushong—"Miss Branson, may I be excused from French Class to come to Girtonian meeting?"

#### Sparks From Latin I.

Priscilla in Latin I--"Is Thebis Hercules' first name?"
Florence Berlovitz—"They hurled the soldiers feet over the wall!"
Louise Thorne—"The Romans fleed the enemy."

#### An Infant Prodigy

Miss de S. (French II.)—"Edith, quel age avez-vous?" Edith Weil—"Neuf heures, vingt-cinq minutes."

#### A Doubtful Honor

Frances Mueller to the soloist—"Mr. ——, do you know 'The Garden of My Heart'?"

Ruth Dixon—"Will you give me a quarter's worth of apples for twenty-five cents?"

## A MIDNIGHT FEAST

The hour was late,

The hall was dark,

The girls were gathering

For a lark.

And through the hall, We lightly passed, And came to Happy's Room at last.

The lights were low,

The curtains down.

And the table filled

With eats from town.

Chocolate cookies,
Cakes and candy,
Crackers and cheese,
All came in handy.

A little bite here
A little bite there
And then—a noise
Upon the stair.

The light went out,
And down on the floor.
Right under the bed—There—
A knock on the door.

Our breath we held
And waited aglow,
'Twas only the wind,
The dean slept below.

M. B.

#### FIVE HUNDRED

(Which explains many matters in many meters)

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of a party "those Sophomores" gave this year,
To the Freshmen, sans reproach or fear.
With honeyed words and accents mild,
And glances to deceive a child,
Those noble Freshmen they beguiled.
Saying, "If you'll sit up and look alive,
At knowing something you'll arrive,
Of a lordly game, called 'Hundred Five.'
Look you, tomorrow cease to giggle,
And come in sumptuous splendour regal,
To the mansion of the House of Spiegel."

Have you heard of the slaughter of Innocents, Than which the world knows no greater offense? It found on that day its fateful sequence. They fed them on cakes by the hundreds of dozens, They gave to them ices, both melted and frozen, And on sending them home, they ne'er offered to dose 'em.

> Sandwiches to right of them, Cakes to the left of them, Candy all 'round them, And they called it Five Hundred!

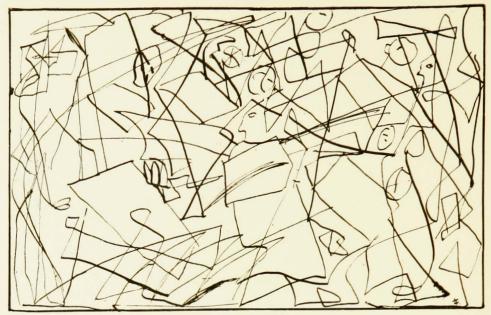
Alas! for the gravity of Sophomore depravity unto its mates.

Depraved was their attitude towards Freshman inbeatitude after their ates.

F. v. H.

## THE ARTIST'S MOTHER GOOSE

Sing a song of Cubists, Truth and Modern Art,
Four and twenty colors figured at the start!
Cubes and squares and polygons, jumbled all awry,
Heavens! What a monstrous thing to greet the public eye!



ASSEMBLY HALL

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**GAS** 

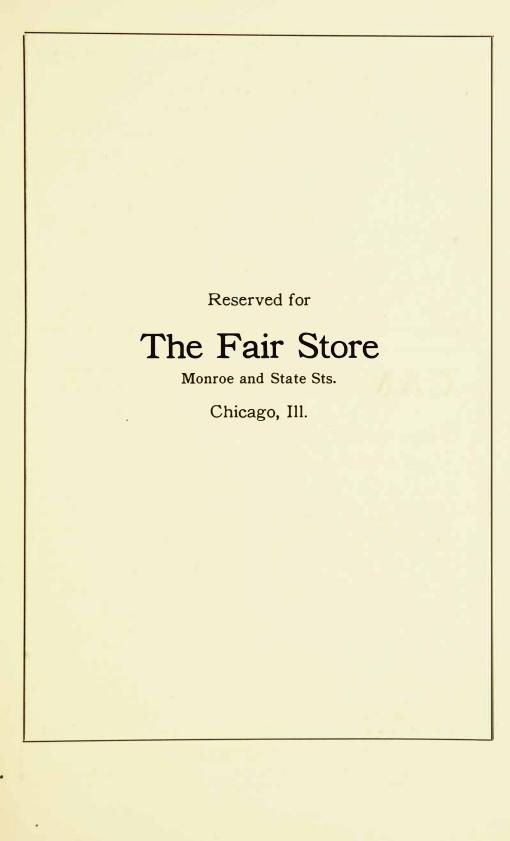
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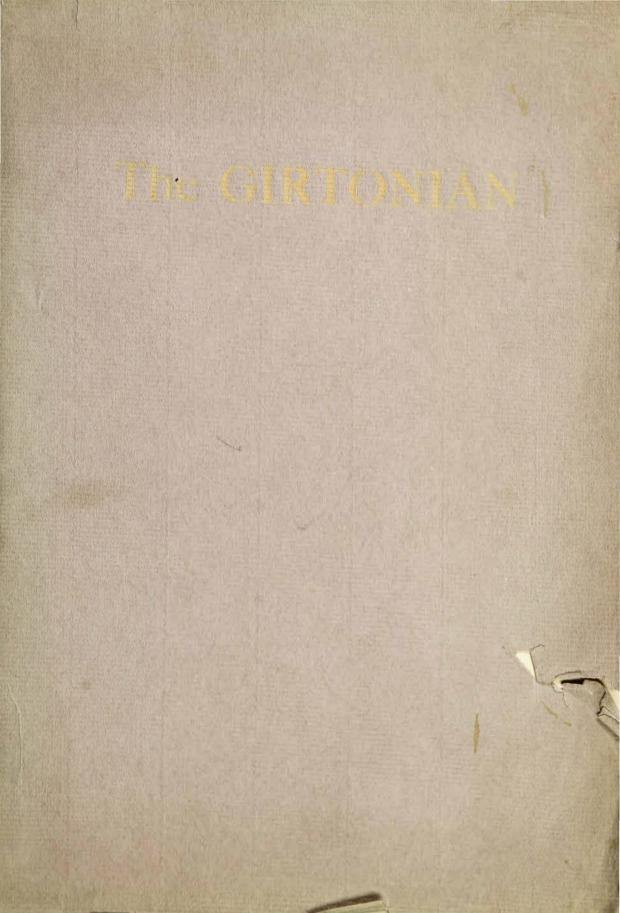
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# 1913

# THE GIRTONIAN

Volume VII.

No. 4

То

Mrs. Patrick William Robertson Glover

This Book is Affectionately Dedicated

By the

CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED THIRTEEN





### GIRTON SONG

Wake the echoes, wake the echoes,
All along the old North Shore,
We will make them ring a rally
As we sing as ne'er before.
Here's to Girton, here's to Girton,
To the Gold and Navy Blue
The Gold shall stand for labor,
And the Blue for heartbeats true.

Each year adds to our number,
Each year shall swell our song,
Each year increase the tribute
That to Girton doth belong.
For to Girton, dear old Girton,
With its Gold and Navy Blue,
We tribute give in days of work,
And hearts that beat e'er true.

Days and weeks to years will gather,
And new lessons we shall learn,
But forever back to Girton
Will our hearts and footsteps turn.
For at Girton, dear old Girton,
We have found the Gold and Blue,
In the golden days and bright blue skies
Of work and friendship too.

### GIRTONIAN BOARD

MARY KATHRINE BROWN

MILDRED GOOD

MARGARET BURKETT

RUTH JUST ARNOLD

HELEN MAY PINNY WALKER

FRANCIS KING COOKE

Editor-in-Chief
Business Manager

Treasurer

(Art Editors

Faculty Advisor



### **SENIORS**

RUTH JUST ARNOLD
"Way down south in the land of cotton."

MARY KATHRINE BROWN
"I want to be way down in Dixie."

MARGARET BURKETT
"There's no place like home."

LEOTA COLLINS (Vice President)
"You're a great big blue-eyed baby."



CHARLOTTE FISHER (President)
"Every little feeling by some gesture can be shown."

MILDRED GOOD
"I'm the Guy"

KATHRYNE GREENE
"Sing me to sleep."

Virginia Milner (Treasurer)
"Oh you beautiful doll."



Frances Mueller
"When I waltz with you."

MARGARET SMITH (Secretary)
"Oh what's the use."

RUTH VERBEEK

"Des hold my hands tonight."

HELEN MAY PINNEY WALKER "That mysterious rag."

EDITH WEIL

"I wonder what's the matter with my eyes?"

ELIZABETH WORLEY

Buzz around, buzz around, buzz around."

SPECIALS

Helen Brown Katherine Carle REBECCA LATTNER
PAULINE WHITMER





Motto-Alta Petamus

FLOWER-Rose Sweet Pea

Colors-Rose and White

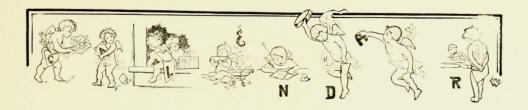
### TWO CLASS SONGS

AIR-I Want to be in Dixie

I want to be, I want to be,
With the Class of 1913.
With the girls who are always bright
and gay,
Who always laugh on their learned way,
They study hard, they study long
On their English, French and German.
If I only had my way I'd be
With the S-E-N-I
I haven't time to spell it,
But I'm strong, yes I'm strong
For the 1913 Class.

AIR-When I Waltz with You

When we say, "goodby"
Let us breath a sigh,
For the days that are gone,
And the months that have passed,
For this circle here is to be our last;
There's a feeling glad
Mingled with the sad,
For we carry our love for Girton School
As we say, "goodby."



September 25—School opens.

September 27-Ruth V's trunk doesn't arrive.

September 28—New girls are horrified by the well-known, "Girton Truth Meetings." Ruth's trunk hasn't come and she is still wearing that shirt waist.

September 29-At last, Ruth's trunk is here.

September 30—Eleanor Pickle has a toothache and goes home.

October 3-Miss Larkin entertains with reading "Enoch Arden."

October 8—Ruth and Kathrine buy sausages which are confiscated. All pennants are ordered down. Eleanor comes back.

October 10—Knollslea entertains with a "Backwards" party. Eleanor goes home. Ruth and Kathrine have special breakfast of sausages through kindness of sympathetic Miss Hawley.

Cctober 11—Traditional visit to Theobold's. Girton entertains herself with a "Pajama" party.

October 12—Second notice: All banners must come down.

October 18—Grace Jeffries is asked why she is at Girton.

October 19—Kathrine walked to school without Ruth. Eleanor goes home.

October 20—Banners removed by force. Much complaint.

October 27—Sam gives some butter scotch patties to Leicester Hall.

October 21-27—Sore throat table:

H. Walker K. Brown

E. Magill

J. Hawley

C. Berrick M. Haish R. Arnold

October 31—Several boarders ate two dinners; one at school; one at Ishbel McLeish's.

November 1—Hallowe'en cobweb party at Knollslea. Eleanor goes home until Christmas.

November 2—We stopped having bacon.

November 3—We begin on bacon again. Installation of study hours. One honorary member.

November 22—The boarders entertain the day student. Miss Miller shows her ability at cutting patterns.

November 27—Miss Hawley gave a farewell dinner for Miss Mitchell.

December 19-Grippes and Grips.

January 9—School reopens after Christmas vacation. Miss Miller has deserted us. No English teacher.

January 13—We have the sad news that Eleanor won't come back again. Still no English teacher.

January 14-Miss Smith teaches English.

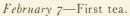
January 15-Miss Wilcox permanent English teacher, arrives.

January 23—First and last meeting of the "French Circle."

January 27—Knollslea is put under quiet ban for a week.

January 29—First Senior meeting in Charlotte's room.

February 5—Senior meeting with Kathrine B.



February 10—Frances Mueller telephoned to William Hart Elmer. Betty has a doll party.

February 12—Senior meeting with Katherine C. and Helen B. GIRTONIAN board elected.

February 13—Girton Services, February 13, 1913.

Prelude Offering—Offertory
Anthem Hymn—(Mr. Snyder)
Announcements Sermon
Postlude

#### **OFFICERS**

Re(fe)ctor		0	- 2		L. J. Hawley
Organist	23		0		R. A. Lattner
Solicitor					C. "Fisher"
Usher					H. "Walker"
"Deke" on					. A. Brown
Assistant					K. F. Branson
Secretary			• .		
Janitor					D. "Work"

#### NOTES

All subscriptions to "The Laundry" must be in by February 16th. Be sure to have return addresses on all communications.

The pastor's wife wishes to extend her thanks for the many valuable floral and other tokens of regard received on her thirty-seventh birthday.

We are glad to welcome back into the fold our beloved Misses A. Brown, R. Dixon, M. Good, R. Latimer and H. Brown.

The pastor extends to the members of his congregation his wishes for a fruitful Valentine's Day.

February 14—Junior promenade. The Wagon was called to the club house for Helen Walker by her many admirers.

February 20—Mass meeting concerning the abuse of senior dignity.

February 24—Noted improvement in the conduct of the lower classmen.

February 27—Frances Mueller entertained seniors.

February 28—A stray snake was found in study-hall. Helen and Ethel are all in.

March 1—Miss Kennedy and Mr. Craft entertained. Helen and Ethel feel better.

March 2—Ethel has a cold.

March 3—Happy got a box from home. Senior meeting is with Margaret B. and Elizabeth W. Helen has a headache.

March 4—Snuff mysteriously appeared in study hall. Helen, Happy and Ethel are in bed.

March 7—Seniors give an informal. "You'll miss your train." Seniors spent night at Knollslea.

March 8—Ereakfast is served to the Seniors in bed. Juniors took them to see "Peter Pan."

March 9—Church optional. Who went?

March 13—Miss Hawley entertains the seniors with a tea.

March 14—Easter vacation begins.

March 25—School begins again. Mr. Snyder was on time. Clara Berrick was greeted by Happy.

March 29—The seniors entertain the juniors with a luncheon at the Mission Tea Rooms. Girton is amused by the Cubist pictures.

March 31—Dirty little "Snookie" arrives and the girls prepare to send him clean to heaven. Senior table begins.

April 1—Baseball craze has started.

April 2—Senior meeting is with Edith.

April 5—Cleopatra skated and followed the instructions of Julius. Pune's mother is coming.

April 6-Pune's mother hasn't come but we expect her on any train.

April 7—Pune's mother is still expected.

April 9—Bang!!! Pune's mother isn't coming. This is dreadful, 'cause Pune told her to. Margaret Bushong is a visitor at Senior table. Mildred Good and Ruth Verbeek have Senior meeting.

April 16—"Inspired Idiots" are organized.

June 13—"S. S.'s" and "P. G.ne's" organized.

April 14—Miss Wilcox announces that Ruth Arnold handed a theme in on time.

April 16—Peg Smith and Helen Walker have Senior meeting.

April 19—A feast. Four courses; 2:30 to 4:00 a.m.

April 26—The girl in the red coat, with two bundles, receives flowers.

April 27—Again! The "thousand dollar kid" sends Miss Good flowers.

April 29—Glee Club actually organized.

April 30—Senior meeting with Charlotte.

May 1—Lovely May baskets of fresh flowers hung on senior doors by our sister class of 1915.

May 2—Miss Hawley says goodby to us.

May 7—Senior meeting with Arnold-Brown. Pune shows Miss Richardson and the Latin Prose class that she recognizes characteristic clauses sooner than they do.

May 12—Freshman GIRTONIANS are out.



May 22—May Revels

May 26-Annual Musical.

May 20-Exams begin.

June 1—Baccalaureate address by Mr. John Gardner.

June 3-"As You Like It."

June 4—Classday luncheon.

June 5—Commencement. The dance.

### A VIEW OF THE CAMPUS

The campus was deserted apparently, though the tennis and basketball courts showed signs of recent occupation, as the brown and yellow leaves from the oaks and maples had not yet blown back from the long windrows into which they had been raked a short time before. The white lime-markings of the courts were blurred with the prints of many feet and here and there had been almost erased.

Beyond the courts and a little to the right lay the orchard, now bare of leaves but heavy with bright red and russet apples, almost obscured from view by a yellow maple and a short hedge of half-dead evergreen. In line with the hedge rose a high lattice fence above which there was a glimpse of the top of a beautiful willow, still green and fresh, waving and tossing in the breeze.

Such a sense of peace and harmony brooded over the scene as is seldom felt in any season except fall. All was quiet. No chirping birds, no rustling leaves, not even a passing squirrel marred the perfect calm. There in the warm sun lay the campus in its fall beauty deserted for the time but soon to waken into life with the laughter of many voices and the tread of many feet.

M. K. B.

### THE NEW TEACHER

About four o'clock one afternoon early in February, both Leicester and Knoll-slea were scenes of great excitement. It was but a few more hours until the mid-year formal "Prom" would take place. Each girl felt that she could scarcely wait and yet there were many preparations to be made in those few hours. Mary and Marie, two Seniors, came racing down Leicester stairs two steps at a time. There was not only a look of excitement on their faces but also a look of perplexity. As the two girls reached the lower landing, Barbara stepped out of her room. Her appearance was rather unusual; four "magic" curlers closely wrapped with hair stood up like horns on her head, while a many-colored kimona took the place of a dress.

"Come on, Barbara," called Mary, "and go down to the car with us. We haven't been able to find a third senior anywhere and we must meet this next car for I am expecting a friend on it. The poor girl has never been out to Girton before and you know how confusing these streets are."

"Girls, what do you take me for?" hastily exclaimed Barbara. "You must think I am crazy when you suggest that I go with you." As she said this she looked down at her costume and laughed.

"Do come," urged Marie. "Just put on a long coat and a hat and no one will know anything about it." So at last Barbara was persuaded to go. It is doubtful if such a looking person ever went down to meet a car or ever will again. A bright colored bonnet-hat tried in a vain attempt to conceal the curlers. Every now and then a stray breeze blew Barbara's coat open and showed a kimona elaborately draped with immense safety pins. Two hands dangled aimlessly in the air below two coat sleeves which were too short. "This is just for an effect," Barbara explained smiling.

The car was late, so while the girls were waiting Barbara had time to think about the "perfectly dreadful impression she would make on Mary's friend." These thoughts were soon routed, however, at the suggestion of Mary that Barbara should be introduced as one of the faculty members and show her authority by reprimanding the new arrival for her lateness. Long before the car arrived every detail of the plan was finished. "Now be sober," warned Marie as the car approached.

Mary and the guest-to-be greeted each other and then the new-comer was introduced to Miss Smith, one of the corridor teachers. Miss Smith chose to walk with the stranger, and lost no time in telling her how much she had been inconvenienced by her tardy arrival and questioned her as to her reason for not having taken an earlier train.

"I am so glad that Mary can have one of her little friends out to see her!" continued Miss Smith. The friend was at least twenty.

"What time are we going to the dance?" questioned Mary from behind, after several suppressed giggles.

"The young ladies usually go down about seven, but the faculty are needed there early, so I must be ready by six-thirty," answered Miss Smith in a drawling voice. The conversation was continued until Leicester was reached and Miss Smith left, much relieved to think it would not be necessary to chaperone her "little students" to Knollslea where Mary and Marie lived.

At dinner everything was in confusion so the new-comer had no time to ask about the queer teacher. Of course, the joke had spread rapidly and every girl did her best to carry it through to a successful end.

Barbara did not see her friend of the afternoon again until the dance was about half over. She now presented a very different appearance. Soft waves showed the results of the "curlers," and now instead of the kimona, she wore a long clinging white satin dress.

It was at the punch bowl that she met the poor stranger, who said to the former in an exceedingly sweet voice, "I do hope you were not very late in getting dressed for dinner!"

"That was all right, dearie," answered Miss Smith, "Of course I was late but it really did not matter."

It had been planned to tell Mary's guest of the joke after the dance, but it progressed so well that Mary did not tell her until a month had elapsed. After it had been explained, she said to Mary, "I am so glad I have discovered this for I certainly thought that some of the faculty members at Girton were queer!"

H. M. P. W.

### AFTERNOON TEA

On Friday, February seventh, the first of a very delightful series of teas was given in Knollslea parlors from four until five. Miss Branson presided at the tea, table. The rooms were very prettily decorated with a great variety of cut flowers and plants, in honor of Miss Branson's birthday. Lucile Calisch and Clara Berrick added much to the pleasure of the afternoon by their reading and music. The tea was greatly enjoyed by all the guests and girls, as all the succeeding teas have been.

H. W.

### JUNIOR THEATRE PARTY

On March seventh, the juniors took the seniors for a wonderful trip to Fairy Land, in the shape of a matinee, "Peter Pan," played by always fascinating Maude Adams. For a wonder everyone arrived on time and when the curtain rose they were full of expectations which were soon to be fulfilled. They were overjoyed one moment at the sight of Peter and the fairies, and the next trembled with fear at the appearance of Captain Hood, and his band of pirates. But, sad to relate, when it came time to save the life of "Tinker Bell" by waving their handkerchiefs, only a few seniors and juniors responded. Nevertheless Tinker lived, whereat all rejoiced. When the play was finished they departed, some with sighs of regret at leaving Fairy Land, and others with smiles, but all agreed that they had had a most delightful afternoon and that the juniors were most wonderful hostesses.

M. S.

### AFTERNOON STUDY HOUR

It was during recess one day in March that a little freshman came up to me and said very mysteriously, "Do not forget this afternoon in Study hall, will you? Keep it quiet, so we can have some fun." I was busy and had forgotten what thrilling event was to take place. However, my lessons occupied my time and no questions were asked.

After luncheon, there seemed to be a great deal of whispering and giggling upstairs in Knollslea. Someone came up behind me, and before I knew what was happening, I was caught in a shower of what appeared to be red pepper which seemed to have very much of the same effect. Then I suddenly remembered the scheme and ran over to the school house, laughing at the excitement so near at hand.

Upon entering the school room, I promptly sneezed. Several girls burst out laughing and immediately hid "something" in their desks. As the time drew nearer for the bell to ring, the girls trooped into the room, most of them looking gloomy and dissatisfied, but several of them having a little twinkle in their roguish eyes, and one could tell there was something unusual in the atmosphere.

The bell rang—all was still! Studious seniors bent their heads over their desks and were soon lost in Virgil or in mathematics. Across from me on my left, I heard a dreadful giggle and then a much worse spell of coughing. Girls were sniffing the air with up-turned noses and disgusted looks. Whew! A sneeze. Then another! Someone else put up a window and then other windows were quickly opened. The teacher at the desk quietly watched for further development before reprimanding anyone. She did not have to wait very long—she too, sneezed, then coughed.

The air was full of snuff. Anyone could tell it was "snuff." All the girls put on their sweaters and coats; some walked out of the room in search of water, some

were called up to the desk, and all in general were coughing, sneezing, and in an uproar of laughter by this time. The poor teacher looked bewildered but finally a light dawned in her eyes and she knew it was next to impossible to get rid of the provoking article.

It was soon three-thirty and the usual time for school to be dismissed, but the clock crept onward, minute by minute. There was an undercurrent of excitement in the study hall and everyone was in suspense as to the outcome. Still the fatal bell did not ring. How long must they wait! But at four o'clock all were quietly dismissed with only a few words as to the misbehavior.

M. A. B.

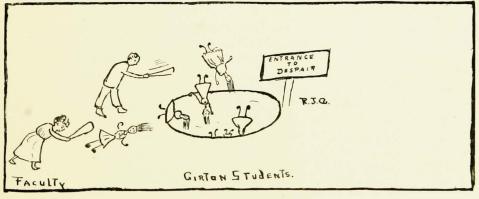
In the distance can be heard the noise of laughing and talking, as the girls cross the campus on their way to afternoon study-hour. Over them seems to fall a mysterious air, as they pass into the school-building and divide into small groups. Some run for a book or pencil, while others await the one person who is never to be found.

Soon a bell is heard from above and up the stairs they bound, rushing to their seats, as no one enjoys "Saturday Morning Study-Hour" and therefore no one wishes to be tardy.

Now nothing is heard except the turning of pages or an occasional titter or whisper from the back of the room.

Suddenly the loud ringing of an alarm clock is heard from a desk in a distant corner. Immediately the whole hall is filled with peals of laughter. The keeper of the hall sends one of the girls in search of the disturbing article, and after much hunting, it is found, but, alas! it cannot be stopped. After due consideration, someone in the room thinks she can stop it, and quiet once more reigns supreme, — only for a short time for soon other clocks from different sections are heard, alternately. They are soon conquered, however, and studying is resumed once more.

As yet, the girls have not been able to decide whether the fun they had, made up for their clocks or not, as none of them have been returned! M. E. G.



### A VISITOR AT SENIOR TABLE

As luncheon was beginning, a teacher entered the little dining room, asking if she might send an underclassman in to Senior table as the other tables were filled. The president of the class rose and sweetly answered, "Yes, indeed," but when the door was closed, exclaimed, "My dears, couldn't you just burst into tears!"

A hesitating footstep was heard in the hall, a timid knock, then, invited by many strange words of welcome, came a Freshman! The applause which greeted her was deafening and exceedingly embarrassing to the person who had caused the clamor. She, Margaret, stumbled the full length of the dining room and into the only vacant chair. After many efforts to explain why she had come, she gave up in despair, looking red and sheepish.

The seniors decided to show the dear child a big time, since she seemed to expect it. When the maid came in with a temptingly laden tray—so it seemed to Margaret—and stopped before her, the senior class as a whole ordered it to be removed. She, a freshman, expected more than bread and water! Preposterous! The impudence! Indeed she was fresh! In vain Margaret tried to compose herself, then to go. She had not eaten enough lunch, so thought the anxious seniors, who were careful of her health. The people who were in power declared that the only condition on which she might leave, was to eat three more pieces of bread, to drink another glass of water, and to go into the large dining room and ask to be excused. The dear sweet girl choked vigorously over her bread, which she washed down with the water, and started on a run. The class, again, with one movement, rose and ran after her. The could not suppress their shrieks of laughter as they saw the freshman still running when she was a block away.

Margaret has never been the same since.

R. J. A.

### SUCH IS LIFE AT GIRTON

Before the usual "Goodnight" had been said and the lights were unceremoniously pulled out, all of Leicester seemed wrapt in sleep. Miss Branson, thinking of the strenuous day of athletics that had just passed, remarked to one of the faculty, "Poor children, baseball is too much for them, but perhaps it's just as well to tire them out occasionally."

All was silent until the wee small hours of the morning, when alarms began to go off. Desperate plunges could be heard all about the building, in wild attempt to strangle the clocks before either of the teachers should be disturbed. A few minutes later, one of those fast trains came thundering by. One who slept lightly might think Maria were at Leicester because of the terrible slipping and sliding that followed the passing flyer.

As I tip-toed carefully into the appointed room for the feast, I heard a smuggled

"Jiggers," and then all was silent. The relief the girls felt when I said, "It's I," was made evident by a loud, "Oh!" and a sudden crunching of potato chips and crackers.

Confidence is a good thing at times but my advice to others is, "Do not have it at a midnight feast!"

We had crammed, food of course, for some time, when the stairs creaked, and upon looking out into the hall we saw the rays of a pocketlight illuminating the whole place. Everybody plunged for covering. It perhaps is not an unusual thing for two to be found in a single bed, but no one stopped to count. Everyone was safely hidden when we heard the person enter the room.

"Is any one here?"

Not a sound followed.

"Pardon me, girls, I thought I heard an unusual noise."

A smothered giggle came from the depths of the closet, but could not be heard by the teacher, because of the groaning of the stairs as she went down.

In a few minutes things grew noisier and another more speedy approach could be heard. The girls hid safely again, but this time each one, realizing the danger of a second attack and feeling it her duty to appear asleep let out one long, hard breath. A perfect volley of air met the teacher's ears as she entered the door, and just as quickly it stopped, as each one realized how terrible twelve girls sounded all breathing the same way. The suspense was awful as each one was discovered by the use of the dreaded pocket light. It was a giggling and boisterous party of girls that scrambled to their rooms, but the next morning things looked darker, as each one was acquainted with the fact that she had a study hour for the coming Saturday.

R. V.



### SENIOR HOUSE PARTY

On Friday, March eighth, the seniors had planned a happy gathering in Knolls-lea. There was to be an informal dance in the evening, and the committee was busily arranging and decorating the rooms in the afternoon. Pillows, pennants, rugs and chairs were soon formed into cosy corners, and the polished floor shone after the efforts of the girls to put everything in readiness. Wherever you turned there were inviting nooks, but they lost their effective air when excited girls came in to try the floor and bounced upon the soft coziness of a heap of pillows, in order to choose their favorite retreat for the evening.

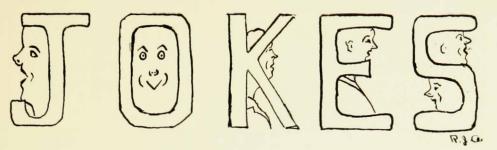
Finally the down stairs was deserted, but overhead was heard a great noise and clamor mingled with loud laughter and numerous thumps. Of course some joke was being planned by those naughty lower classmen, and when the seniors appeared in the doorways, they quietly dismissed them from the building. Entering the rooms the girls were not much surprised to see them in such a confused state. They were in too much of a hurry to prepare for the evening so they only pulled the wet bed-clothing from the beds so that they would dry. The floor was covered with salt, sugar and all kinds of odd obstacles which were meant for annoyance later in the evening.

When eight o'clock came, all of the girls and their partners were gathered together and the old Knollslea parlors rang with merriment, as the first dance began. The evening was enjoyed almost more than any of the senior events up to this time, for the crowd was a gay and congenial one.

No one was willing to say "good-night," but when they went up-stairs all agreed they were tired but not sleepy, so one of those truth meetings which are so well-known at Girton, especially by some of the new girls who dreaded them so at the beginning of the year, was proposed. Everyone was told her most attractive characteristic and her most villianous trait. Just about three o'clock some one accidently proposed bed and soon all was quiet except for an occasional giggle or snore.

The next morning there was no attempt to arise at the appointed breakfast hour. Even when noisy friends played the melodious piano down stairs and sang to their superior school-mates, still there was no movement from the sleepy seniors. But when the breakfast trays were carried up stairs, a jolly, happy bunch sat up in bed and enjoyed the unusual favor bestowed upon them. Later in the morning they went to their own rooms to prepare for the pleasant afternoon which was to follow.

M. A. B.



Miss Wilcox, perplexed—"Well, what does "Jiggers" mean?"

The class in one breath—"Why, 'Jiggers' means, run; keep still; someone's coming; hide; be quiet; look out; Sweeny."

Happy Carle at seven-fifteen one morning—"Oh! how I hate to get up. But, cheer up! for others have done it before me."

Pune Walker at GIRTONIAN Meeting—"She took it by moonlight over the sun."

C. Fisher in History—"William the Orange became King of England."

Miss Wilcox to K. Brown, who did not go to her theme conference—"You are the young lady I expect to see below."

Happy Carle in play-practice—"I have lost your teeth in my service."

Pune, when asked what clinical lectures were—"Why, they are the people who don't have to pay to be patients."

Ruth Verbeek—"She was a fat woman and never recovered."

Happy in German III.—"Ein reicher mann; er hat wohl zehn senter auf den Alpen,'—"a rich man; he had perhaps ten cents on the Alps."

Miss Larkin at play practice—"At a ripe old age, put on his hat."

Pune in History—"Lyon was killed and went north."

Miss Richardson very threateningly asked K. Carle why she was late to her Prose class. Happy, with her serene smile, answered—"Why I stopped to greet Clara Berrick."

Miss Hawley—"Well, what is a disturbance?" Miss Branson—"An audible noise."

Maria de Silva—"Miss Hawley, may I have a new spring for my bed?"

Pauline Whitmer—"I heard Jane Addams in 'What Every Woman Knows." "Oh! No, Pod, you mean Maude Adams."

Pauline—"Oh! I guess I do. Well, what does Jane Addams play in?"

Beatrice Starr, indignantly, to a young man who had touched her elbow—"Sir, how dare you?"

Young Man-"Madam, you have dropped your purse."

Blanche Day in German III.—"Rer vorsichtigere Freund dem schonen Mondschein zum vorwand nahm"—"The prudent friend took the beautiful moonshine for a walk."

Alice Bothwell, during morning session—"Mr. Snyder, may I take a walk?" Mr. S.—"Well, are you accustomed to it?"
Alice—"No, but it's such a beautiful day!"

Virginia Milner—"We gave 'Snooks' a bath." Elizabeth Worley—"Mr. Cooke says he is going to shoot him." Virg—"Then he'll go clean to heaven."

Margaret Burkett—"I had a wisdom tooth that came out three times and went back again."

Miss de Schweinitz, innocently—"It lost its nerve, did it, Margaret?"

Mrs. Austin to M. Haish—"The young ladies do not seem to take any interest in the house-plants this year."

Mr. Snyder to Clara Hollis—"Fraulein, why did I put this in the passive?" Clara—"Because you didn't know."

Happy, when asked what a "Julep" was—"It's some kind of a flower."

Lucille Calisch, in Kathrine's and Ruth's room, picking up "Virginibus Puerisque," by R. L. Stevenson—"Are you reading this "Virginia and the Boys?" Oh! it's a Virgil 'pony' isn't it?"

Edith Magill in French III.—"Un nez long at crochu pendant sur de fortes moustaches grises"—"He had a long and crooked nose hanging on a dark mustache."

Charlotte F.—"I am going home next Saturday on Friday."

Miss de Schweinitz wrote in French—"Has your father any children? No he has none."

Julie Forest—"We don't have to have any men in the milkmaid's dance, do we?"

H. Brown—"It took so long for me to decide whether I had a headache or not this morning, that I was dressed and over to breakfast before I decided to stay in bed."

Miss Richardson in morning exercises—"The Secretary of Labor was made into a new department."

Miss Richardson to her Virgil class—"I wish you would hurry up and get to Tartarus."

Ruth A.—"Oh Miss de Schweinitz, don't you want me to brush your skirt for you?"

Miss de S.—"No, thank you. I brushed myself before I put it on."

Helen Walker says that Mr. Snyder taught her to spell phrenologist, "phryenolologist."

#### OPEN LETTERS

Julius:

My heart strings are torn asunder and I can hardly bear life. Why those dreadful imprecations and coals of fire heaped upon my innocent head? Do have a little sympathy and explain. Your heart-broken

CLEO.

CLEO, MY OWN LITTLE BROKEN-HEARTED BIRDLING:

I could never be cruel to you. Do not so misjudge me!!! Tie up the strings and be happy.

Julius.

Katherine Spiegel (reciting the prepositions that take the accusative in German)

—Bis, durch, fur, gegen, ohne, um, wieder."

Edith Magill—"Oh I know what that means! 'Are you going to the village today'!"

V. Milner—"Miss de Schweinitz, what is the French word for 'stir?" Miss de S.—"Why, I don't know."

V. Milner—"Well, then I'll ask Katherine Magill."

### BY THEIR WORDS YE SHALL KNOW THEM

KATHERINE CARLE—I feel like it.

KATHERINE SPIEGEL-Where is Charlotte?

Miss Souer—If you can't be still you will have to remain ten minutes longer. Please report to Miss Richardson.

MISS MITCHELL—Notice the change in the music schedule. Report all conflicts to the secretary.

Miss Richardson—Now my dear lady! Lo and behold!

Mr. Snyder—I've a garden in Sweden.

MR. COOKE-Ahem!

CLARA HOLLIS—Is Squash over here?

HELEN POPE—In my younger days.

HELEN MORRISON-Where can I hit you?

MARGARET BUSHONG—Say, tell me something about Julie.

EDITH MAGILL—Oh for Pete's sake!

Miss Hawley—I'll take your names.

MARIA DE SILVA—Will you please call the wagon?

Miss Branson—I shall have to confiscate them.

Marjorie Haish—Oh good night!

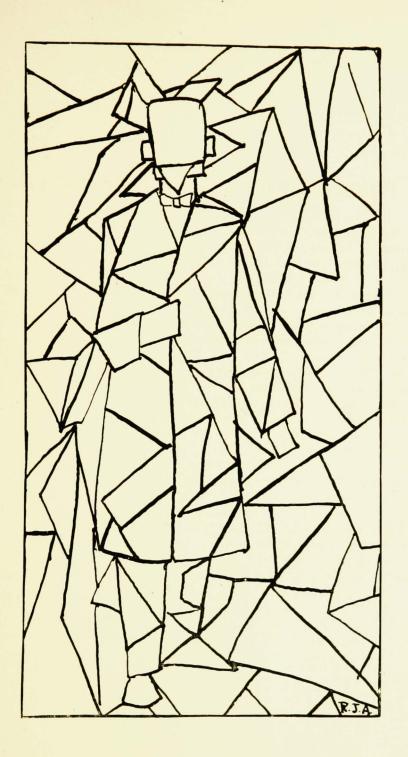
Miss de Schweinitz-En francais, Mademoiselle, s'il vous plait.

Dorothy Grupe—I haven't heard from Perce for two days.

Amy Brown—How's the lady?

REBECCA LATTNER—Oh Pod! Pas du tout!

Anyone on 2nd or 3rd Floor in Leicester—Jiggers! Sweeny!



Seniors	Favorite Expression	Characteristic Possess'n	Ruling Ambition	Greatest Failing
Ruth Arnold	Just great, thank you	Dimples	To call on Douglas	Baths
Kathrine Brown	I don't guess			Sarcasm
	Well I like your nerve	Blue hat	To keep house	Evesight
Leota Collins	This Latin is awful	Good nature	Stav in school a year	Absence
Charlotte Fisher	I could burst into tears	Town privileges	Keep old maids' ranch	Harry
Mildred Good	Thought I'd die laughing	Hair bands	Go to Charlotte's ranch	
	I can't come today	Her voice	To go East	Indifference
	Oh la! la!		To graduate	Raving
	May we dance tonight?	Her hair	To dance well	Davenport
	Greetings	Double chin	Stav in a warm room	Letters
Ruth Verbeek	Jiggers! Sweeny!	Curls	Get enough to eat	Baby talk
Helen Walker	Keep it dark	Burlington		Mysteriousness
Edith Weil	She should worry	Ioe		Untidiness of room
Elizabeth Worley	Speedy	Bows	Marry millionaire with	
·	•		a green lid	1 8
Seniors	Acquired Fame by	Favorite Occupation	Advice to 1914	Virtue
Ruth Arnold	Steamboat Bill	Stuffing the girls	Learn Latin prose	Kindness
Kathrine Brown	Big words	Play rehearsal	Try for the play	Common sense
Margaret Burkett	Changing rooms	Flat hunting	Have a home	Thoughtfulness
	Appendicitis	Making up lessons	Stick to it	Pluck
Charlotte Fisher	Tardiness to meals	Glee Club	Organize a glee club	Her smile
Mildred Good	Music	Baseball	Study music	Light heartedness
Kathryn Greene	Singing	Coming late to English	Charlotte's advice	Mildness
/irginia Milner	Going home for week-end	Lunching at the club	Slam away	Generosity
rances Mueller	Dancing	Dancing	Dance	Amiability
	Chicken-pox	Playing the piano	Be happy,don't study	Gentleness
Ruth Verbeek	Her laugh	Midnight feasts	Eat and be merry	Jollity
lelen Walker	Jokes for Girtonian	Latin	Don't prep for college	Charitableness
Edith Weil	Basketball	Entertaining Joe	Have a brother	Unselfishness
Elizabeth Worley	D 11 1 . '		Go to Ann Arbor	Cleverness

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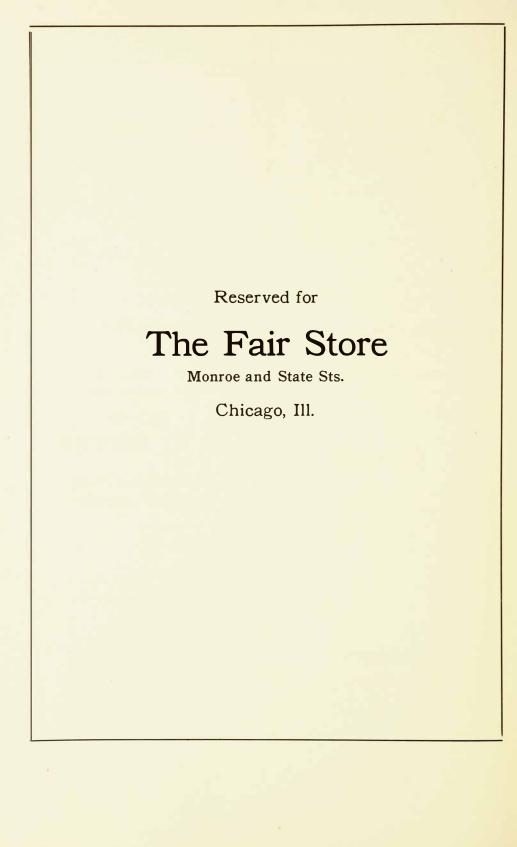
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